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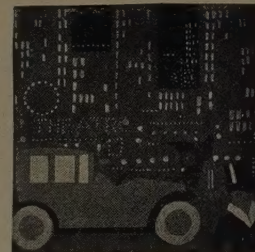
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THEATRE MAGAZINE'S PLAY GUIDE



B. F. Keith's

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ONE of the most interesting features of present-day New York, from several standpoints, is the outburst of eating places classed under the general heading of tea-rooms. In the dear old days before Prohibition a tea-room was in the nature of "a primrose by the river's brim" . . . as who should say, "that and nothing more." There was luncheon, possibly; afternoon tea, of course, stretched over at times, by exigency, into supper hours. But when one dined . . . anybody who was anybody that is . . . one dined in a regular restaurant or at a hotel or Bohemian cafe.

Now there is a vogue that grows steadily, week by week, for dining in the little intimate restaurants which formerly would have been in the tea-room class. Here one is furnished with a quiet, *intime* atmosphere, contrived by a simple but artistically schemed decoration, with simple food, but of the best quality, served on attractive china . . . and with quick service, to which Japan in increasing instances is contributing its neat skill and alertness.

All these dining places have their own day-by-day clientele, usually

dwellers in the neighborhood. And cropping up almost overnight as the little inns do, they seem at the same time—amusing enough speculation for the psychologist—to create their own guests. So that no one place takes from the numbers of the other . . . each is patronized by its own group, each immediately prospers and continues to prosper. Yet there is always, it appears, room for another. So that if you are of those whose soul has yearned to open a tea-room we can offer innumerable examples of success.

This new liberal interpretation of the tea-room is extending its scope even further in some instances to include breakfast. We know one place on 49th Street that by its artistic interior, its service, its food and the price of it, has become immensely popular with "Nice People" in a very short time. Offering the first weeks only luncheon and dinner "from six till eight," the usual hours, Sunday breakfast was added to the cuisine as a special feature, and then at the instigation of clamoring Sunday breakfasters, week-day ones were included as well.

Another modern feature of the new restaurants, both large and small,

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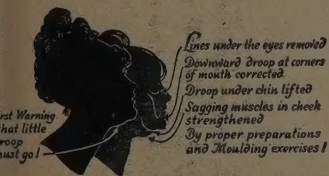


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may be a connection in one way or
another with the stage. An actress,
for example, may be the moving spirit
behind the restaurant, as in the case
of Hilda Spong with "The Stage Door
Inn," on 47th Street, the waitresses
being young actresses marking time
for their dramatic opportunity. Or
a famous stage designer may be an
interested backer . . . which we have
just heard happens to be the fact with
Nicolas Remisoff and the very latest
of smart after-the-theatre rendezvous,
"Petrouchka," a new Russian atmos-
phere affair on 50th Street, a rival to
"The Eagle," of 57th St. "The Eagle,"
of course, has been the favorite haunt
of Morris Gest and the Russian
actors and actresses. And these gather
round them the numerous smart Rus-
sians in New York. The striking type
of the Russian woman--dark hair
drawn straight back from the fore-
head, pale skins made paler by
powder, vivid scarlet lips--is much
admired by New York women.
Whence follows imitation. That
severe style of hairdressing, however,
demands a very *soigné* mask, smooth
skin, slenderized eyebrows and rein-
forced eyelashes, which happily can
be had nowadays if one knows the
right places to go. Dorothy Gray on
Fifth Avenue at 58th Street is a right
place to go. We can heartily recom-
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and unusual beauty preparations.

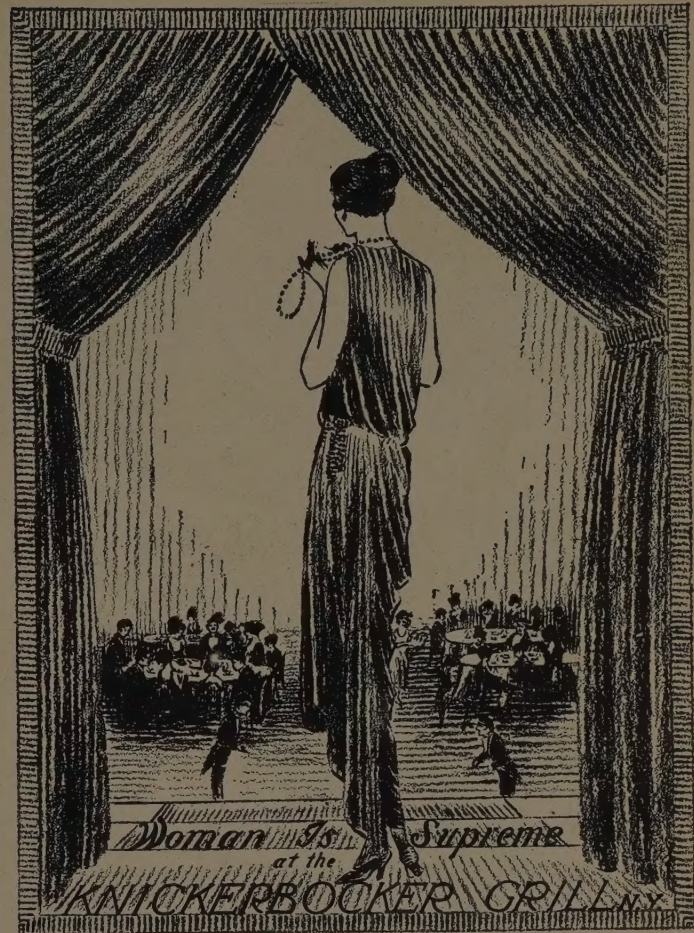
We are continually being asked
where one may go on Sunday night
for dancing, so many of the usual
places being closed. Let us suggest
to you "The Knickerbocker Grill."
There is an amusing cabaret, an un-
usual floor and excellent music and
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if so your New England forbears
prompt you to call it--of Sunday eve-
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a concert orchestra, under the di-
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tion of the Café de Paris at Monte
Carlo last season, plays as well for
luncheon and dinner.

ANNE ARCHAOLD.

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Play Guide. It directs you to the
kind of play you want to see. It will
tell you where all the interesting peo-
ple go afterwards. It tips you off to
the smart dancing clubs, the chic cafes
and the correct beauty shops, where
loveliness, the better with which to
enjoy these gaieties, may be purchased.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Olla Podrida

What the Russian Players Taught Us

NOW that the Russian players have come, been seen and conquered, leaving only memories of the delightful evenings their fine art gave us, it is time to inquire into the reason for their success and ruminate over whatever lesson they may have taught us. The Muscovites appeared here under a formidable handicap. True, they came with the prestige of notable achievement in the Old World, but they spoke an alien tongue and their plays, with only few exceptions, were not easily followed from the action alone. Yet they triumphed. Theatregoers overlooked the disadvantage of not understanding what was said on the stage. The words did not matter. They crowded the theatre and paid high prices merely to see the Russians act in what (to most of the spectators) was dumb show.

That, then, was the potent attraction—the visitors' fine acting, their vivid, vital performances, above all, their admirable ensemble work, their attention to detail, the abnegation of personality to the betterment of the whole which to us in America, accustomed as we are to carelessly rehearsed plays, acted by one capable player surrounded by a lot of incompetents, seemed little less than wonderful.

According to some of the younger reviewers, most of whom were in their cradles when histrionism in this country flourished at its best, no such acting had ever been seen here before. The more mature theatregoer, whose recollection goes back to the halcyon days of Wallack's, Daly's, Palmer's, reads such reckless statements with a smile. Their enthusiasm, however, is easily understood. Too young to have seen our own theatre at its best, having had no opportunity to witness good ensemble acting by the leading American stock companies of forty or fifty years ago, they were delighted and astonished at the Russians' masterly staging, their virtuosity and fine technic, as a child with some novel and beautiful toy. To those of us whose memories reach further back such acting is by no means a novelty. It is something we have once had and lost.

WILLIAM A. BRADY said that one of his first reactions when witnessing a performance of the Moscow Art Theatre troupe was a sense of humiliation that the audience should be applauding Russian actors instead of American actors. He saw nothing in the performance of the Muscovites that we were not accustomed to see done equally well forty years ago—before sordid commercialism came to destroy our stock companies, undermine the artistry of our players, turn our theatres into combination houses for the profit of "glorified janitors" and alleged "stars."

It is amusing to find the very persons who have been the chief offenders in exploiting our stage in a sensational, vulgar way, now frantically applauding the Russians whose chief asset is their competent acting. The truth is, the box-office success of the Russians has been an eye opener. The commercial manager has learned something he never before believed—that the theatregoer cares less about costly scenery and the looks and personality of the star than he does about real acting. It is the writing on the wall. The secret of

the Russians' success is that they are a stock company in which no particular performer is exploited at the expense of the whole. That pernicious outgrowth of commercialism, the star system, the curse of the American stage, is entirely absent from the Russian organization. They have no stars. Mr. Stanislavsky or Mr. Moskvina may be playing leads today and small rôles tomorrow. They do not permit the picture to be distorted to serve the interests or ambition of one individual.

The sooner we emulate their example, the better it will be for our theatre. The star system and the long run must go. The triumph of the Russians points to a reaction in favor of the old stock company with frequent change of bill. Then we may hope once more to breed actors, and our managers will again be able to play to capacity with home talent, without having to import players from Russia or anywhere else.

The Passing of Sarah Bernhardt

IN the death of Sarah Bernhardt the contemporary stage loses one of its most prominent and notable figures. After a protracted, brave fight against failing health, the famous actress paid at last the debt of Nature, bringing to a close a long and glorious career.

The artiste's vitality was extraordinary. Her astonishing will-power kept her going long after the call for the final curtain had sounded. Sustained up to the last by the passion for her art which, despite ills and infirmities, burned within her like a sacred fire, she died as she always wished to die—as Molière died, as Kean died, as Irving died—in harness, acting up to the very end. She was rehearsing a new play when death overtook her.

The art of Sarah Bernhardt belonged not only to France, but to the entire civilized world. One of the distinguished sisterhood of which Siddons, Rachel, Ristori, Cushman, Janauschek were shining lights, she was one of the last of the great players (are there any more?), in her youth a comedienne of transcendent charm; in maturer years a tragedienne of extraordinary powers. She was not perhaps the greatest player of her day—she lacked subtlety and her range was limited—but none can dispute the sway which for almost half a century she held over the popular mind. No other player was her superior in the portrayal of impassioned heroines or, in scenes of terror or pity, knew better how to arouse the emotions and stir audiences to their depths. Idolized by the public for her dilettantism, her eccentricities, her luxury, her generosity, her death is regarded in the light of a personal loss wherever the charm of her unique personality, the magic of her golden voice, the spell of her acting has penetrated.

No player ever reflected greater credit on her profession. Created during her lifetime Officer of the Legion of Honor, on her demise the flower of the French nation, statesmen, soldiers, poets, scientists, scholars, dramatists paid homage at her bier.



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THE RACE

Dixie and Ange in a Moment of Fleet Rhythm Caught by George Maillard Kessler

Benavente Visits Broadway

The Noted Spanish Dramatist Decries Our Native Tendency to Plays With a Punch

By ALICE ROHE

IT doesn't matter to what camp one belongs in the controversy as to whether the mission of the theatre is instruction or enjoyment—we Americans have to admit that we are getting a large part of our international education from dramatists, not from diplomats.

Painful as the realization may be to the dictators of theatrical entertainment who insist that intelligence should be checked in the coat room (though why intelligence shouldn't be enjoyable I never could see)—we can't dodge the fact that Russia, Italy, Spain, Hungary, Czechoslovakia mean more to us now than in the days before the intellectual powers and the intelligence of these countries was expressed to us through their drama.

SHATTERER OF TRADITION

THE crystallization of these thoughts was visualized before me, in the person of a very small man, in an apartment of the Ritz-Carlton. Five feet, four inches of height, however, is sufficiently imposing when it incorporates one of the greatest influences in the drama—and in consequence in life—today. For the small man with the penetrating, all comprehending eyes, the close-cropped Vandyke, was Jacinto Benavente, the Spanish dramatist.

Benavente has just been awarded the Nobel prize for literature. I would like to make it a continuous award. For he has a decided opinion which casts a ray of hope for the future. He doesn't believe in keeping drama at a low level of intelligence by the tiresome plea of catering to public taste.

He was explaining, in response to a query:—"I do not make my plays for the public—I make the public for my plays."

With these few words, he shattered the transparent crystal ball of commercial tradition, revolving ceaselessly its argument about giving the public what it wants.

Before the interview was over, I discovered that Benavente is a fine little shatterer of traditions.

"What I mean is," he continued, "that by constantly giving the public good plays, public taste will be formed."

"Is your Spanish theatre controlled by commercial interests?" I asked.

"Not in the same way, I am informed, as in America," he replied.

A PRECURSOR OF FREUD

DO you have hopes that the new theatre may create a demand for drama based upon truth and thought?"

"Remember one thing," said Benavente, paradoxically, his intelligent face alight with a smile. "The public does not like to treat serious things seriously nor flip-pant things flippantly."

Benavente, the dramatist of the unconscious and the conscious, precursor of

Freud, the man who, in dramatic form, anticipated the great psycho-analytic cataclysm by several years, exponent of the cerebral drama, of the doctrine of the relativity of truth, is also the originator of dramatic camouflage. He has learned the secret—or rather he has created it—of concealing thought, of making audiences think without knowing it!

You may call my theatre one of equivocation," he smiled, "I am called a dramatist of the *double entendre*—not in the ordinary sense of the word—but in that it presents two meanings of the same apparent thing. You might say my drama



JACINTO BENAVENTE

The author of *The Passion Flower* as seen by Masaguer

moves on two planes between the objective and the subjective, between the conscious and the unconscious. But I insist upon giving the objective plane full attention. The external story must be credible. In other words, I use the objective or external story as a sort of camouflage for the subjective one. Why—really—you know —," and he laughed good-humoredly, "Often newspaper critics do not discover that my dramas are cerebral!"

"While in my plays the characters are symbols, I take great care never to label anything:—'This means this,' or 'That means that.'"

"You referred just now to the 'new' theatre," he said, his small, shapely hands fondling a cigar case filled with long cigars, the sub-conscious registering itself very decidedly in favor of a smoke. "It is easy to confuse 'new' with 'extravagant.' There is no 'new' movement now in Spain. The young writers have found the way open. You speak of 'new' movements in other countries—yet I question the use of the word."

While Benavente, most modest of men, did not explain that he was the originator of the new intellectual movement in Spain and leader of the "Generation of 1898," he it was who created that modern revolution against tradition.

INTELLECTUAL BULL FIGHTS

OUR new movement began after the Spanish-American war," he said.

"Then the reactions to war are accountable for similar expressions today?" I inquired. "You anticipated by twenty years?"

"So far as serious drama on the Continent today is concerned," he replied, "we have a minimum output. The one great cry seems to be—amusement at any cost. The minimum endeavors, however, are similar to those of 1898. Up to that time in Spain we had been submerged in the drama of situation. No drama in the world was so dependent upon situation as that of Spain. Intellectual bull-fights, they might be called. My first play did not make much impression. My second play, *In Society*, was a success, though, of course, the introduction of a new idea means upstream work at first. Spain does not want fantasy; it wants realistic drama. The less spiritual it is the more a play is appreciated in Madrid.

"I understand that here in America, you have somewhat the same situation we had in Spain in 1898. I am opposed to what I understand is the tendency in American drama,—to write a knock-out situation—a shocker. What we want in drama is not some artificial, thrilling shock—but something true."

"Is it a coincidence or a Latin racial development that we have the cerebral drama emanating from Spain and Italy today?" I inquired. "Your own drama of the conscious and unconscious, your relativity of truth theory, your dual personalities, and the Sicilian Pirandello's drama, based upon the constant interrogation of truth, of reality, of what stabilizes a character—seem significantly Latin."

A SPANISH GENTLEMAN

BENAVENTE'S face, which is a concentration of ardent intelligence, turned toward his translator, John Garret Underhill. For with all the anecdotes of his Mephistofelian appearance, his rapier-like satire, he is the kindest incarnation of all that the term "Spanish gentleman" implies. He would never say anything that might give an impression of egotism. His hesitant English and his equally hesitant Italian caused him to turn to the fluency of Mr. Underhill for assistance.

"Really, my psychological, my cerebral drama was begun many years ago," he said.

(Continued on page 64)



The Immortals Greet A New Arrival

(From left to right: back row): George Bernard Shaw, David Belasco, Constantin Stanislavsky, Morris Gest, Walt Whitman, (front row): Edgar Allan Poe, Shakespeare, Alexander Dumas, Richard Wagner, Henrik Ibsen, Edwin Booth and Jackie Coogan

From a Drawing by Wynn



Theatre Magazine Exposes the New York Critics

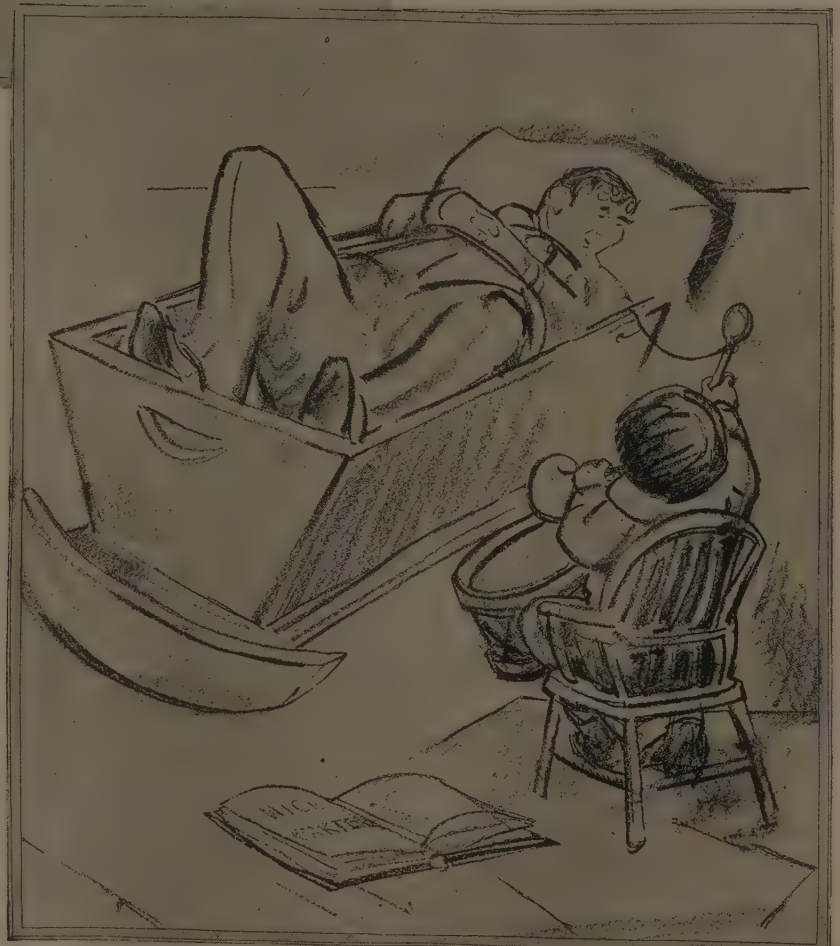
Caricatures by
Richard Lahey

No. 1

Next Month: Robert Benchley of *Life*
and Kenneth Macgowan of the *Globe*.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, lecturer, after-dinner spellbinder, dramatic oracle of the *New York Herald* and impassioned admirer of the "intellectual art" of Mrs. Fiske, dons his beautiful brocaded dressing gown to take tea with the object of his adoration.

HEYWOOD BROWN, theatrical and literary scrivener of the *World*, prides himself on a dauntless pen. He fears no one—except, of course, Heywood Brown III. This charming domestic scene, showing the formidable critic completely tamed and drugged to sleep by his sprightly offspring, is a spectacle for the gods.



Sarah Bernhardt—In Memoriam

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

SHE rests—at last. And yet, how can we tell? Could such a soul as hers be lulled to rest?

For life to her meant work, unceasing work. New plans, new hopes, new efforts, tasks and triumphs. She was remorseless with herself, untiring, fearless. And even in her tomb, there may be tremors.

Her gospel preached no rest. It called for action. In her last moments she was acting in delirium. Now she was Phaedra. Now she was "The Eaglet." If ever drama yet had been incarnate, it was surely in the form of Sarah Bernhardt. And to the last this woman, who had lived so long, who had known joy and sorrow, queenship and distress, could jest and smile. She met death without regret, without dismay. For close beside her was the son she loved, and just outside the windows of her darkened room, a world was mourning.

THE present generation hardly knew her. To some critics in New York she meant much less than the ephemeral "stars" of Broadway. Our younger reviewers were quite lost when she came back to us—a cripple. But there were millions who could look back through the years to nights when "Sarah" seemed a flaming light, a sun. I, to my great delight, am one of them. When I was young, her very name had magic. I saw her in her glory at the Français, one of a group of splendid actors of both sexes which counted Gôt, Delaunay, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Samary, Croizette — there were others—among its members. And, with such comrades and such rivals at her side, she shone supreme. All Paris bowed before her, gladly, simply. It realized how fine a thing it was to claim a Bernhardt for its own. Her fame was trumpeted abroad—grew to a legend. The echoes of the applause which filled the "Maison de Molière" reached London, Rome, Madrid and spread to Broadway. There are some living who recall the wild ovation she received here, long ago, when she appeared for the first time upon our boards.

She had not what the average man calls "beauty." But, as that Victor Hugo whom she helped to immortalize, said of some woman, "She was worse than beautiful." She had charm and passion, fire and sinuous grace. She had, above all, two far more compelling assets. A voice of gold, caressing, sweet and varied. And chiefly the great gift of all the gifts the gods of art bestow upon their favorites. She had the imaginative power which made it possible for her, not only, like Duse, to analyze her characters and then to adapt them to her own personality, but to transform herself for the hour (when she so

chose) into the characters which she impersonated. Our smart reviewers who deny this—do not know.

Nor do they know that, had she not grown famous as a tragedian, Sarah Bernhardt could have won honor as a comedian. In Rome one night when she appeared as

and inflections of her love-voice. No one less wondrous, and surely no one but herself in this our day, has wooed like Bernhardt on the stage. How pathetic she could be, too, when she pleased! Think of her death scene in *The Lady of the Camelias*. Yes, even at seventy, she could still bring tears to eyes which had not seen her in the glory of her youth. Yet it was not as Marguerite Gauthier I admired her most, but as Phaedra, as Izeyl, as Frou-frou, as the student in *Le Passant*, as the wife in *Francillon* and as Queen Elizabeth, whose death, as I recall it, had the majesty and impressive dignity of a great sovereign's. Nothing in all her long career was more remarkable than her Elizabeth.



SARAH BERNHARDT

In the Heyday of her Fame at the Théâtre-Français.

Francillon, I was so transported that, for the first and only time in my long critical career, I went out between the acts, bought what I fancied was a huge wreath of laurels, and lightly flung it to her. My heart sank when I saw how small that wreath seemed, as it settled at her feet beyond the footlights.

SHE had not, I have been told by older men, the deep tragic power of her great forerunner, Rachel. Her voice was frail, though sweet and strangely musical. (Once she sang to me, and her tones were wonderful). She often forced it, to suggest the tigerish rage which Victor Hugo, Sardou, and, later, Rostand demanded of their heroines at moments. But by her dominating will, her intensity, and with the aid of her imaginative poetry, she could give one the illusion of a devastating fury.

And when she had to play love scenes, how she wooed! Calypso, Cleopatra, Circe, Sappho, may have had the accents, tones

TO be honest, she was inferior to Duse in *La Femme de Claude*. Her interpretation of the temptress of the younger Dumas lacked the perverse subtlety of the Italian's. Nor did she satisfy one, as Duse did in *Magda*. The Magda of Modjeska, let me add, outdid the achievements of both the Italian and the Frenchwoman in sincerity and truthfulness. Like Duse, Bernhardt played Magda in the wrong way—to win sympathy for that hard character. Modjeska, quite rightly, interpreted her as a symbol of a new, rather ruthless, kind of womanhood, in revolt against an austere system, symbolized in her old father. Moreover, the Magda of Bernhardt, as I remember it, was far too flamboyant. As Marguerite Gautier, *per contra*, Duse was curiously inferior to her French rival. She seemed to forget that, however charming she might be, Marguerite was a courtesan.

Matthew Arnold, I dare say, spoke truth when he told us that Rachel had more intellect than Bernhardt. It would take many Matthew Arnolds to convince me that she had more charm, variety or temperamental quality. Nor could Rachel, I feel sure, have trained herself more thoroughly than her successor, who could have held her own in any of her two hundred or more parts by her sheer mastery of technic.

I have never thought of Bernhardt as a commanding intellect. I have always admired her as a woman of intelligence. Her outlook upon life was broad and catholic. All life to her had an enthralling interest. The woman who was Bernhardt, with her complexities and many lights and shades, fascinated one quite as much as the actress. How often have we watched her, from afar, fighting against misfortune, struggle to emerge from bankruptcy, wrestling (at least twice or thrice) with death? She had the will of twenty ordinary women

(Concluded on page 70)



Arnold Genthe

EVA LE GALLIENNE

The quiet, intense Julie of *Liliom*, who has returned to New York after many months on the road to appear in *Sandro Botticelli*, written especially for her by the poet-dramatist, Mercedes d'Acona.



Maurice Goldberg

ALLA NAZIMOVA

The fiery and violent Dagmar in Louis Anspacher's adaptation, whose return to the speaking stage from the pictures finds her playing with the fervor and freedom born of Hollywood.

OPPOSITE AS THE POLES

Artistes Who Achieve Similar Effects by Radically Different Methods



Alone before his dressing room mirror with his wig and make-up off, "the comedian" (Lionel Atwill) comes to the painful realization that the years are passing.

(Below) Infatuated by "the comedian's" prestige and glamour, Jacqueline (Elsie Mackay) is brought to his dressing room by her uncle (A. P. Kaye) so she may be disillusioned. But more fascinated than ever, the girl worships at his shrine and—marries him.



White

But the début brings disaster. "The comedian," torn between love for his wife and his art, refuses to let Jacqueline play again and in a fit of anger she goes out of his life forever.

The jealous leading lady having gone off in a huff, "the comedian" listens to Jacqueline's pleadings and allows her to rehearse the part.

THE NEW PLAY

Lionel Atwill in a Comedy of French Mummer Life

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



The Love Habit

A farce adapted by Gladys Unger from the French of Louis Verneuil and produced at the Bijou Theatre by Brock Pemberton on March 14, with the following cast:

The Young Man, James Rennie; Marie, Mary Kennedy; Nadine Morand, Florence Eldridge; Gustave Morand, Ernest Cossart; Rosette Pompon, Fania Marinoff; Max Duvelleroy, Dwight Frye.

APPARENTLY it requires more than a modicum of courage these days to transfer a Palais Royal pudding to the dessert counters of Broadway without extracting most if not all of its plums. Wherefore, being an admirer of bravery in any form, I doff my Herbert Johnson to Brock Pemberton for the *sang froid* exhibited by him in permitting Miss Unger to put *Pour Avoir Adrienne* into English without so much as two small purifications.

The Love Habit is an amusing farce that at times attains downright hilarity. It almost excuses its producer's terrible *Rita Coventry*, but it will take another *Six Characters* to complete the atonement. The piece is a bit slow in getting under way, which is excusable in farce where speed is the primary requisite, but once the exposition is done with and the actors forget trying to seem French a good time may be had by pretty nearly all. I qualify it due to the undeniable fact that farces are to some folk what cats are to others.

Miss Unger's play (which she has adapted fairly by the by, with only an occasional lapse into the New Yorkese she seems to believe imperative in the translation of colloquial French) tells the story of an erring husband who is blackmailed by a would-be lover of the gentleman's wife into permitting the intrigue to gain impetus under his very nose. It is a novel, unusual sort of yarn and presents complications of a variety

that are made scandalously amusing by the most competent cast Pemberton has ever picked off Chamberlain Brown's bush.

The entire cast may be cited as distinguishing itself, though rising well above the general glow of approbation may be seen the diverting figures of Ernest Cossart and Dwight Frye, two promising actors, who have never played better, and whose clever work lends a quality to *The Love Habit* which makes it quite the best comedy importation of the present season.

mer piffle is upon us. One swallow may not make a dramatic summer but one *Wasp* will.

All I can find to say about *The Wasp* is that it has the best thunder in town. I felt about for my rubbers when that thunder boomed gorgeously at stage right. The effect of a genuine impending dampness, however, was marred when it began to rain mightily at one window but not at all at the other right next to it.

The Wasp was above my head. I couldn't make head or tail of the thing, due perhaps, in part, to my not being given sufficient interest to want to. It is a badly staged, badly written and generally incompetent production that had no business interrupting the Spring evening tranquility of the professional Broadway first-nighters.

The story of Mr. Fallon's melodrama is probably the most incoherent I have encountered in several years. It is not until the last act that the playgoer is given any definite clue to whom the heroine may be, whom the

hero, what's what or why. Mr. Otto Kruger plays a dual part, the first being a crook and the second the crook's well-bred young brother. The general uncertainty is added to materially by the fact that in the first act the young brother is played by a totally different young man, whom Mr. Kruger resembles to the extent perhaps that Woodrow Wilson looks like Secretary Hughes.

Sandro Botticelli

A new play by Mercedes de Acosta, produced by the Players Company, Incorporated, at the Provincetown Theatre on March 26, with the following cast:

Angelo Poliziano, Philip Leigh; Lorenzo di Pier Francesco, Allyn Joslyn; Giovanni Guespi, Conrad Cantzen; Lorenzo dei Medici, Denis Auburn; Giuliano dei Medici, Reginald Goode; Donna Corrina, Elsa Braun;

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

MERTON OF THE MOVIES—One of the cleverest, freshest satirical comedies in years.

ROMEO AND JULIET—A colorful and romantic presentation with Jane Cowl a winsome heroine.

SECRETS—A sweet story which reminds one that in some ways it's a nice old world.

YOU AND I—An excellent American comedy with an idea behind it and capably played.

THE COVERED WAGON—A glorious movie.

The Wasp

A melodrama by Thomas F. Fallon produced at the Morosco Theatre by Louis H. Kaplan on March 27, with the following cast:

James "Murray," Otto Kruger; Hannah, Annie Mack Berlein; Horace Hearnden, Leslie Austen; Edith Hearnden, Emily Ann Wellman; Gaynor, Tammany Young; Sewell, William Corbett; Nolan, Royal Stout; Peirce, Ben Hendricks; Mrs. McKaye, Louise Muldener; Walter Allen, Otto Kruger; Lola Andros, Galina Kopermak; James Allen, Sydney Shepard; Connelly, Martin Rose.

THE season which began briskly and slowly became the most edifying in many years, has quite gone to pieces with the Easter holidays, and the tired theatre-goer may now turn his eyes to the new theatrical horizon that looms on the September calendar. We are through for the nonce with matters of importance, and the sum-

Leonardo Da Vinci, William Kirkland; Fra Filippo Lippi, Erskine Sanford; Leo Batista Alberti, Philip Wood; Donna Rosa, Helenka Adamowska; Donna Isabella, Martha Roberts; Donna Fiora, Merle Maddern; Simonetta Vespucci, Eva Le Gallienne; Sandro Botticelli, Basil Sydney; Paolo, Arthur Bowyer; Catalina, Agnes McCarthy; Court Jester, Walter Kenny; Pages, Paul Jacchia, Alfred Little.

THE Florentine romance, based on one of Maurice Hewlett's most charming tales, that of Simonetta, who gave her body to the arts of Botticelli as his model, and done in play form by Mercedes de Acosta, came finally to clog the little stage of the Provincetown Theatre with Eva Le Gallienne as its heroine. The piece is a trumpery affair, doing little justice to its poetic original and presenting Miss de Acosta in no favorable light as a dramatist. It is confused, wordy and halting to the extent of conveying less of dramatic interest and force than any play of the season.

Here's waste of a fine talent. If the much-talked-of *Jeanne d'Arc*, by the same author, is of the same fibre, Miss Le Gallienne might better be looking to plays that promise something more of opportunity.

Morphia

A drama by Ludwig Herzer, adapted from the German by R. Duncan-McNab, and produced by A. H. Woods at the Eltinge Theatre on March 6, with the following cast:

Julian Wade, Lowell Sherman; Mrs. Morrison, Alice Fleming; Dr. Grant, Albert Tavernier; Nurse Margaret, Olive Tell.

THIS somewhat pointless piece reaches American production through the combined craftiness of Professor Al Woods, who sees "box office" in recent and current interest in matters having to do with "dope," and Mr. Lowell Sherman, who saw in the part of Julian, the drug addict, a new opportunity to demonstrate his virtuosity as an actor. I shall be surprised to see Mr. Woods justified in his view that there is any public appetite for morbid wares of the sort, while Mr. Sherman's performance is of the traditional variety in rôles of the sort and can add nothing to his reputation.

This German *guignol* done into exceptionally stilted English by an unknown Scotsman tells the story of a young man of decent lineage who has become a victim of the morphine habit. A girl who knew him some time before and still loves him gains access to his flat in the rôle of a nurse with some hope of saving him from complete ruin. He learns who she is

and recalls happily their old days of innocent love together and when she beseeches him to stop using the drug for her sake he promises to do so on condition that she give herself to him. In a somewhat lurid scene she eventually capitulates. The following act discloses Julian as tired of his bargain; he throws the girl from him and prepares to resume the needle his body cries for. Desperate, the girl herself threatens to use it and become an addict like him unless he keeps his word. Stirred by his love for her and horrified at the prospect of her embracing the horrible fate that looms before him he swears definitely to reform and together, figuratively speaking, they throw the morphine vial and the hypodermic out of the window!

Which is not only pretty terrible play-writing but worse medicine!

Mr. Sherman, as the addict, goes the limit in the matter of behaving as vaudeville "hop heads" have led us to believe their kind behaved since "dope" was invented. Freely aided by green baby spots he writhed most horribly when in need of the needle; always an effective actor, he achieves results even with this manner of performing while always making me hope for his coming some day under the influence of a director who knows something about acting and human behavior in the art of their relation to each other.

Miss Tell was ineffective and woe-fully stagey as the mock nurse, an absurd "star-feeding" part at best and rendered doubly so by excessive playing.

Jack and Jill

A play by Frederic Isham and Otto Harbach, lyrics by John Murray Anderson, Otto Harbach, Augustus Barratt, music by Augustus Barratt, produced by the Chelsea Producing Corporation at the Globe Theatre on March 22, with the following cast:

Jack Andrews, Donald MacDonald; Donald Lee, Brooke Johns; Marcia Manners, Winifried Verma; Phyllis Sisson, Beth Beri; Mrs. Malone, Georgia O'Ramey; Duke of Dippington, Lennox Pawle; Jill Malone, Virginia O'Brien; Jimmy Eustace, Clifton Webb; Gloria Wayne, Ann Pennington; Daniel Malone, Roger Imhof; A Maid, Lena Basquette; A Footman, Carlos Conte; A Butler, Russell Scott; Mrs. Foote, Eleanor Grover; Mrs. De Peyster, America Chedister; Mrs. Sylvester, Metta Louise Orr.

WHEW! The effort and the waste! A million dollars worth of gorgeosity gone up in what I am confident will be smoke due to the dull oversight of forgetting that audi-

ences are no longer sufficiently regaled by beautiful costumes and pretty girls to consider themselves entertained. John Murray Anderson, certainly a humorless fellow himself, if one may judge by the annual last-minute effort to stick a little fun into the Greenwich Village Follies, has made a radiant but unamusing hash of his first "musical comedy." If a director who is permitted to hire such really rare and funny birds as Lennox Pawle and Georgia O'Ramey can let them seem as dull as the proverbial d. w. there must be madness in his method.

Humoresque

A play by Fannie Hurst, produced by George C. Tyler at the Vanderbilt Theatre on February 27, with the following cast:

Sarah Kantor, Laurette Taylor; Abraham Kantor, Sam Sidman; Leon Kantor, Alfred Little; Leon Kantor (Grown), Lutha J. Adler; Isadore Kantor, Chester Hermann; Isadore Kantor (Grown), Lou Sorin; Esther Kantor, Ada Hewitt; Esther Kantor (Grown), Dorothy Burton; Mannie Kantor, Sidney Carlyle; Sol Ginsberg, Frank Manning; Rosie Ginsberg, Lillian Garrick; Gina Berg, Elsa Grey; Ruby Kantor, Charlotte Salkowitz; Leon Kantor, II, Sidney Salkowitz; Max Elsass, Hubert Wilke; Stage Employee, James H. Bell; Reporter, Wayne Wilson; William, Walter H. Brown; Mrs. Finschreiber, Vera Bekiner.

THE production of the stage version of Fannie Hurst's noted story and film *Humoresque* was attended both coming in and going out with a display of bad taste and ill temper on the part of the author and its star that resulted in the entire proceeding being taken very much as a joke and reflecting so on Miss Taylor as to cost her a large share of the credit that might otherwise have been hers as the result of an uncommonly intelligent and rich performance. This business of damning the managers as one enters the town and sneering at the public as one leaves it a bit sooner than one expected suggests the sort of conduct that earned Kean the hatred and the gallery hoots of this country.

The public didn't go to *Humoresque* because it was a bad, ill-balanced play that satisfied neither one group nor another and because the story, as such, has been milked dry. There are tales of which the public never wearies, whatever form they may come along in, but they are invariably broad and typical in their appeal and reflection of human nature, rather than special in their application as the now famous story of the Jewish mother and the young violinist.



(Below)

MARJORIE: "No one believed me—or ever will. You don't, Cynthia—do you?"

(Left to right) Violet Kemble Cooper, Harry Plimmer, Cyril Keightley, Ethel Barrymore, Alice John, Katharine Emmet and Kenneth Hunter.
Lady Marjorie (Miss Barrymore) meets the brilliant barrister who has flayed her that afternoon in the trial of her divorce case.



Photos
White



HECTOR (McKay Morris):
"You've got to come back to me."

MARJORIE: "Never—never. I won't. Are you quite mad?"

MARJORIE: "It wasn't my truth against your truth—but my brain against your brain—and what chance had I?"



THE NEW PLAY

"The Laughing Lady" Restores Ethel Barrymore to Broadway Favor



Isabella Echevaria (Florence Reed), a famous courtesan, goes to the Riviera, the better to entrap an American millionaire (Harold Salter).



Photos White



For Philippe (Paul Gordon), the expensive lady feels the first emotion of her life. She dispenses with lovers and jewels to indulge this genuine amour.



In a rage Isabella returns from the Opera. For the first time in her life she has received a rebuff. Philippe, the young Comte de Villeneuve, has refused to be presented. Lisette (Gwendoline de Lany) and her uncle (Gustave Rolland) soothe the ruffled beauty, who soon brings the elusive Philippe to her feet.

Isabella's spiritual renaissance brings loneliness and self-retrospection. Her meditation on death is interrupted by the return of Philippe, but while he sings to her she drinks poison and dies in the arms of her lover, murmuring, "This love was real."

THE NEW PLAY

Florence Reed A Bewitching Spanish Camille in "Hail and Farewell"

The Adding Machine

A play by Elmer L. Rice produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre on March 19, with the following in the cast:

Mr. Zero, Dudley Digges; Mrs. Zero, Helen Westley; Daisy Diana Dorothea Devore, Margaret Wycherly; The Boss, Irving Dillon; Mr. One, Harry McKenna; Mrs. One, Marcia Harris; Mr. Two, Paul Hayes; Mrs. Two, Therese Stewart; Mr. Three, Gerald Lundegard; Mrs. Three, Georgiana Wilson; Mr. Four, George Stehli; Mrs. Four, Edyth Burnett; Mr. Five, William M. Griffith; Mrs. Five, Ruby Craven; Mr. Six, Daniel Hamilton; Mrs. Six, Louise Sydmet; Policemen: Irving Dillon, Lewis Barrington; Judge O'Grady, Elise Bartlett; Young Man, Gerald Lundegard; Shrdlu, Edward G. Robinson; A Head, Daniel Hamilton; Lieutenant Charles, Louis Calvert; Joe, William M. Griffith.

ELMER RICE has come out of the movies, which may or may not be a fortunate thing for the movies, but certainly it is a fortunate thing for both Mr. Rice and the American theatre. This ex-barrister, who studied how to write plays with some obscure Columbia University mentor, has obviously much to give the stage. His *On Trial* and now his latest play, presented by the Theatre Guild, *The Adding Machine*, indicate that he is a person to be more than reckoned with in one's appraisal of the native dramatist. One wonders why Mr. Rice has permitted so many years to elapse between the creation of his first success and now his latest, without having presented to the artistic world some opus more in line with his clear thought, his vision and original theatrical attitude, and his strong sense of dramatic composition. Mr. Rice's *It Is the Law* was a story of tawdry melodrama that has shunted critics of its author's possibilities several miles off the right track. *The Adding Machine* is a play which, coming from Prague, would excite the townsfolk to prayer and feasting. A hullabaloo would be sent up about it which would result in the issue of a special edition of *The Nation* and a riot call by the Drama League. But being the work of an American, and an American, incidentally, not of the esoteric order, we can expect a merely mild critical reception and a patronizing attitude of "Not so bad, not so bad," all of which is depressing but inevitable.

Rice takes as his protagonist a mediocre, spineless creature to whom he gives the name Zero. For twenty-five years the man has been an accounting clerk, living his days on a high stool and his nights at cheap movies, in altercation with his drab wife, or in conjecturing timid chats

with a prostitute who lives across the hall. Into the monotony and routine of his existence comes a blow when the installation of an adding machine at his office necessitates the discontinuance of his services. In a mad fury he stabs to death the employer who discharges him. He is tried, found guilty of murder and executed. The subsequent scenes concern themselves with his thereafter and we find him leaving his grave and ambling through Elysian fields to an eventual heavenly adding machine which he must operate through the ages or, at least, until his soul is returned to earth to be born anew and live again its crassness and its dullness in human embodiment.

The play starts in realistic form but moves swiftly to expressionistic. As a matter of fact, the play is one of the few I have ever seen which justifies the employment of what would probably be called a purely expressionistic method. The murder, rather than be shown in its cold detail, is emphasized by the ingenious device of making it apparent that Zero's mind has gone temporarily mad, that he sees "red" and that his impulses and acts are beyond his control. The scene is created by a series of mechanical lighting devices that are as interesting as any the Theatre Guild has offered. Mr. Lee Simonson, who is responsible for their use, conception and creation, has never done more commendable work than his execution and fulfillment of Rice's ingenious idea.

If there is any fault to be found with *The Adding Machine*, it is that Rice chisels too deeply and too long with the result that the form of his play is damaged, it loses proportion, it becomes in spots monotonously tedious. Several of the heaven episodes are overdone, even beyond the measure of Benavente's rule to repeat everything three times, on the stage, once for the intelligent element in the audience, the second time for the unintelligent element in the audience, and the third time for the critics. The production has been admirably made and is the Theatre Guild at its best. Dudley Digges has done nothing finer than Zero since his performance as Clegg. Helen Westley, who hops from one Theatre Guild production to another, plays the monstrous wife with great skill and that always capable actor, Edward G. Robinson, is extremely effective in the rôle of a man who has murdered his mother. Margaret Wycherly gives a sincere and telling performance as a romantic office girl.

The Comedia

A play by Sacha Guitry produced by David Belasco at the Lyceum Theatre on March 13, with the following in the cast:

The Comedian, Lionel Atwill; G. Maillart, A. P. Kaye; Jacqueline, Elsie Mackay; Leclerc, H. Paul Doucet; Bloch, Albert Gran; Robert, William Lorenz; A Stage Manager, Will Hindson; Mounet-Pombla, H. Cooper Cliffe; Antoinette Vivier, Rose Winter; Marguerite Simonet, Evelyn Gosnell; Yvette, Marguarite Denys; Marcelle, Myra Florian; Alise, Edmonia Nolley; Henri, Jacques de Wolfe; Marie, Maquita Dwight; Lucien, Harold Seton.

BELASCO does a poor thing so beautifully as to let it take on the complete illusion of entertainment and success. This, I predict, will be the fate of *The Comedian*, Mr. Belasco's latest offering with one of his stars in the title rôle. There is a surface warmth and color to his presentation of Guitry's comedy of the theatre, which makes it plausible and satisfying until it is probed, whereupon it at once discloses itself to be shabby. Belasco's casting, staging, lighting, and housing of a play are inevitably so flawless as to disarm the sort of criticism that would probably be levelled at a manager of the more ordinary variety, who, with the same star in the play, had set *The Comedian* upon the boards in the usual hasty fashion.

Here we have Guitry in the actor's frame of mind—exaggerating his craft, its art and its virtue, to the point of making it more a religion than a profession. *The Comedian* in its original form is captivating and novel entertainment when viewed with one's fingers crossed and when one realizes that Guitry, least of all, expects an audience to take any part of it seriously. It is the mummer's gesture, such as Guitry, man of superb gestures, knows how to create consummately. In its American version, we have a tale rendered as silly by the reformation of its characters as was *The Goldfish*. To the adapter the word "mistress" and the relation that goes with it seems little short of anathema. He therefore turns the spry little *amie* of the great Parisian actor into his wife, thereby making her a most odious character when at the conclusion of the play she up and leaves him for some foolish reason that might justify the separation of lovers but never the divorce of husband and mate. The treatment lends a smug, sanctimonious and rather abhorrent hypocrisy to the play which is purely Parisian and which, in its adapted version, would probably so revolt Mr.

Guitry himself as to goad him into declaring it a bastard he refused to recognize!

The "Comedian" is the principal character of Guitry's play. He is beloved of the boulevards, but he is ageing. Of the latter he is irresistibly reminded by an old school fellow who visits him—bald and wrinkled—and beseeches him to exhibit himself in his back-stage personality to a niece who has become enamored of his on-stage radiance. The "Comedian," egotistical and horrified at the thought of his slipping youth, permits the dressing-room visit of his schoolmate's niece and shows himself to her without his wig, his daring moustaches and his juvenile rouge. But in his doing so he is careful to captivate her attention and transmit her affection from the supposed "Comedian" to the real one. The girl becomes more infatuated than ever and agrees to run off with the "Comedian" when he leaves for a trip to the South. He takes her, and says to his valet that the latter must bring his wife with him in order to see that "this time he behaves himself."

The following act finds the pair wedded and the young wife interested in the stage. The "Comedian," seeing a possibility for joy in his new union, helps her in her ambition and prepares her to play a rôle with him. She does so and is so bad that their fellow actors and the audience are outraged by her very appearance with so amateurish an equipment. The "Comedian" tells his wife she can no longer act. She tells him she has learned to love the stage and that unless she is permitted to act, she will leave him. He, who by now has become thoroughly in love with the girl herself, is forced to choose between his devotion to her and his devotion to his art. He permits her to go and she goes. Her departure, were she a mistress, might be plausible and acceptable even on so trivial a ground. But the spectacle of a wife behaving in any such way and assuming the attitude she does in Belasco's adaptation is to me much more immoral and a worse example by far to audiences who he presumes are kept from contamination by his careful treatment of so unmentionable a thing as a human relation which exists all about us, and the mention of which is becoming increasingly an indication of intelligence.

Mr. Atwill as the "Comedian" has never played more badly. During the play there is a rehearsal scene during which a "bad actor," played marvelously well by H. Cooper Cliffe, is cor-

rected in some of his monstrous stage predilections. But Mr. Atwill commits all of them and more throughout the play with, unfortunately, no one apparently to question them. He talks persistently to his audience, he has become increasingly affected and has developed the habit of a pause between every other word which makes his delivery not only artificial but monotonous. The rather lovely curtain line of the play when, his mistress gone, he is asked by his dresser whether he is alone, and replies: "Yes, tonight, but tomorrow night I have a rendezvous with twelve hundred people," was roared and acted by Mr. Atwill in an incomprehensibly amateurish fashion. The line is philosophical and thoughtful rather than oratorical, but this is a point that has escaped both Mr. Atwill in its delivery and Mr. Belasco in its direction. There were many notably fine performances in small parts, among them those of the schoolmate by A. P. Kaye (who also does a bit of shouting, be it said), Jacqueline, (the wife) by Elsie Mackay, the Stage Manager by Will Hindson, and Robert, the secretary, by William Lorenz. The production, as usual with Mr. Belasco, is immaculate.

Pasteur

A play by Sacha Guitry, adapted by Arthur Hornblow, Jr., produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre on March 12, with the following in the cast:

Bigo, Hartley Power; Dalimier, Frederick Lewis; Raulin, Lyons Wyckland; Roux, Hubbard Kirkpatrick; Bergeron, Edward Mackay; Beclard, Frank Hay; Louis Pasteur, Henry Miller; President of the Academy of Medicine, Howard Kyle; Dr. Poggiale, Wilson Reynolds; Dr. Guerin, Leslie Stowe; Dr. Balard, Elmer Brown; Baron Larray, Stephen Wright; Prof. Colin, Louis Renault; Joseph Meister, William Pearce; Theodore Meister, A. G. Andrews; Dr. Grancher, Albert Bruning; Henri, David Belbridge; President of the French Republic, Edward Fielding.

GUITRY in distinctly another mood than the one which produced *The Comedian*. An austere play of dignified and, in places, marked literary merit, the production of which, in view of its peculiar quality and the absence of women in its cast, was an audacious and meritorious undertaking by the Charles Frohman company. Be it said that *Pasteur* is no mean entertainment. When I originally saw it in Paris I was at first rather terrified by the prospect of having to watch what threatened to be a somewhat scientific and non-dramatic treatise, but the name of Guitry saw me through to the rising of the curtain and his pen more

than saw me through to the falling of it. *Pasteur* is great "theatre" and it is a play by an actor for an actor in its very speech, and holds the ingredients of every type of emotional response and possibility.

The play concerns itself entirely with the character of Louis Pasteur, whom Dr. Osler has called "the most perfect man who ever entered the kingdom of Science." It is somewhat startling to learn that the probabilities are at least sixty per cent that you, my present reader, are on earth at this moment and still live as the result of some one or more of the Pasteurian discoveries which have protected and conserved the health of humanity. To attain this end, Pasteur passed through a period of bitter trial and opposition from the medical fraternity to which, by reason of the fact that he was merely a chemist and a layman, he was never admitted. To the end of his days, student doctors, who sat in awe at the feet of the man whom they recognized as a great scientific genius, had to be called upon by Pasteur to make inoculations of serums which he had discovered but which the law forbade his personally administering. It is a rich and wonderful story and seen either in its French or English production, an unusual and fine evening in the theatre.

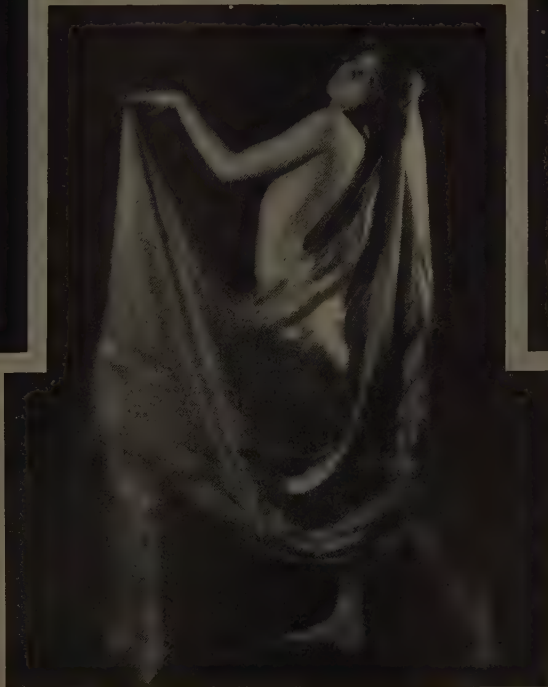
The elements of inspiration and nobility are not frequently to be met in the playhouse, but *Pasteur*, though coming as it does from the pen of an acknowledged play-smith, has those things. The play is largely monologue and in its American production the rôle of the central character is entrusted to an actor who handles it more finely than could any other living American player. Henry Miller brings to it sincerity, intelligence and a personality which gibes strangely with that of the scientist himself in many ways. On the stage, in make-up, he presents a picture of Pasteur of marvelous verisimilitude and one which in its mask is superior to Lucien Guitry's. It is by far and away the most notable effort in Mr. Miller's career and one which may be said—as it has been said of Lucien Guitry himself—to be the crowning and ultimate recognition of him as one of America's finest actors. Its direction, which has also been entrusted to Mr. Miller, is for the most part flawless, though its production includes two or three regrettable details in the matter of scenery which may be easily laid to a necessary haste in preparation and forgiven as such in view of the greater achievement.

"THE art of the ballet," says Mark Perugini, "surely is no less rational than Poetry, than Drama, than Music, Sculpture, Painting—all of which exist by their conventions. When looking at a modern ballet we can hardly fail to consider the long train of reasoned thought and of artistic tradition that lie beyond the entertainment. What is it that we see? An orchestra of dancers, who are also mimes, who represent — one should rather say realize—the imaginative creations of

an author or a number of authors working harmoniously together, in terms of rhythmic movement and dramatic expression, with the aid also of color and music and sound . . . Every step of every dancer, every gesture, every phrase of music, is composed or selected to express particular ideas or series of ideas; every color and each change of tone in the whole symphony of hues has been appraised. Not a thing that happens is haphazard."



(In the group), Irma Jarrell, Betty McCue and Vera Borowski.



(At the sides), Dorsha. (Below), Jane Winton.

THE DANCE AND CLOTH OF GOLD

Fokine Danseuses in Poses of Fluid Expression Caught by Maurice Goldberg

Pitoeff—A New Force in the Theatre

Russian Actor-Manager Triumphs in Paris with Revolutionary Stage Methods

By FLORENCE GILLIAM

THE world importance of the Paris Theatre lies not in its native productions but in its cosmopolitan character. Other nationalities are constantly enriching it with contributions of international interest. And no people have been more active in this process than the Russians. The Russian Ballet began its foreign career in Paris: a career which has created more eddies of influence than any other in modern times. Last year that gay and brilliant off-spring of the Moscow Art Theatre, called in France and America *La Chauve-Souris*, laid the foundation of its foreign triumphs at the *Femina* in Paris. Balieff's contribution, however, was essentially exotic and detached, with an inner sufficiency of its own. His passing left its traces: individuals who were a part of his company can command good salaries and public enthusiasm whenever they appear in Paris; his scheme was feebly imitated this season by the Russian Maria Kousnezoff who succeeded only in proving that Balieff's organization was inimitable. But there is another Russian—Georges Pitoeff—who, penetrating quietly and gradually into the life of the Paris stage, has come, with little spectacular success, to wield a kind of influence from within. And this influence, united with the slow-working forces of the French Gémier and Copeau, seems certain to effect a change in the out-worn native traditions.

Georges Pitoeff comes by way of Geneva where he has a theatre and where for years he has been working on his theories of the stage. Switzerland, with its many languages, is a normal place for a development of international range. There Pitoeff has produced his versions of *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, achieving space and detachment through a long, studied use of different levels and connecting stairways. There, too, he began the presentation of plays by modern French playwrights, notably Lenormand whose *Simoun* Gémier played in Paris some one hundred times. For several years Pitoeff has been making brief appearances in Paris. His Lenormand productions were important contributions at the *Théâtre des Arts* in the days when the name of that theatre was to be taken more or less literally. He appeared at the *Moncey*, and was engaged by Copeau to play before the audiences of the *Vieux Colombier*.

WIFE HIS COLLABORATOR

THE theatrical year of 1921-22 marked a new stage in Pitoeff's relation to the French theatre. Jacques Hébertot installed the Pitoeff company for a long repertoire season at the exquisite little theatre of his institution, called formerly the *Comédie Montaigne* and now the *Comédie Champs Elysées*. The house is small and beautifully appointed, the stage very modern for a Paris theatre. There is a lighting system

from the balcony which obviates the use of footlights.

Georges Pitoeff shares his labors, literary and theatrical, with his wife, Ludmilla Pitoeff. Many of the translations of plays used are made by the two in collaboration; and they carry usually the foremost masculine and feminine rôles in their own productions. Their repertoire is of wide scope. In the recent season at the *Comédie Champs Elysées*, Oscar Wilde, Dunsany, Chesterton, Shaw, Shakespeare, Lenormand, Strindberg, Gorki, Andreyev, and Tchekoff were represented—all played in French, of course. There is in this list not only a wide range of time and place, but an amazing diversity of style. What could be farther apart, for instance, than Wilde's *Salomé* and Tchekoff's *Uncle Vania*? Or Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* and Strindberg's *Miss Julie*? Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion* is in a class by itself.

NOVEL AND STRIKING SETTINGS

IN his own acting Pitoeff shows every evidence of having at hand the technical equipment of the capable Continental actor. He tends toward repression rather than violent histrionics, but his individual methods are those of the careful technician. His is a sensitive soul, however, and there is nothing hackneyed in his interpretations. There is rather a kind of artistic honesty and interpretive force which inhabits and radiates from most of his performances. And he possesses to a notable degree that quality which makes even trivial action take on significance as soon as he becomes part of it. In emotional scenes he sometimes develops a kind of gasping speech which affects one as being unpleasantly theatrical. But beyond this superficial fault, there is nothing which is not sincere and sensitively exact in his portrayals. Ludmilla Pitoeff has not the theatrical ease or range of her husband. There are times when she seems painfully to overact, others when she appears helpless and trivial. On the other hand, she has certain parts in which she surpasses the acting achievements of her husband. She lives some of the parts of ultra-simplicity in Tchekoff with a completeness and finish which dispel all thought of the actor's craft behind them.

But it is as a producer and *metteur-en-scène* that Georges Pitoeff is a great innovator. Beginning as an admirer of Stanislavsky, he has developed from naturalism through the stages of simplification, the use of significant and expressive detail, to symbolic and purely ideologic settings. Underlying this development is the ideal of spatial liberty in acting which has subordinated to itself all irrelevant details.

The purely ideologic settings of Pitoeff were well represented in Lenormand's *Le Mangeur de Reves*, created in Paris this last season. The play is a presentation of the evils arising from the desire on the part

of an exponent of the Freudian theories of Psychoanalysis to sweep all human contacts into a kind of prolonged laboratory experiment. Its structure is not dramatic in the ordinary sense—a series of ten scenes setting forth in more or less linear fashion the consequences of the amateur psychoanalyst's attempt to arrange human destinies, and culminating in tragedy. For all of these scenes there is a background of voluminous black velvet hangings. In front of these are placed certain expressive details, brilliant in color and symbolic in shape. A scene by the sea, for instance, is indicated by a band of intense and luminous blue silk at the level of the horizon, back stage. A garden is marked by the setting up of a slim wooden arch, also in bright color. A night scene on the terrace of a summer hotel consists of some brilliant electric signs outlined against the background of black. In a scene of intense sunlight a strip of orange-red silk sweeps from the flies to the diagonally opposite lower corner of the stage. The characters, costumes and properties all have certain color relations to each other and to the sense of the action. This is the most extreme of the experiments Pitoeff has presented in Paris.

TRIUMPH WITH SHAKESPEARE

THE production of Oscar Wilde's *Salomé* was more conservative. Before the background of black velvet were built walls, platforms, and steps in stone color. Against this combination of black and cream-color the drama was played: white and silver with splashes of crimson and blue and henna. The action passed from one stage-grouping to another with careful attention to the elements of form and color. Moreover, this is one of Pitoeff's spectacular parts. Mme. Pitoeff's *Salomé* is completely eclipsed by his Herod. It is not the Herod we are most familiar with—blasé, wicked, sardonic, dignified, shaken by gusts of fear—but a creature of barbarous taste and vile sensuality, a thing of grovelling and gaspings, of mad exultations, and sickening terrors. Dunsany's *Glittering Gate*, used to open the bill, leaned even farther toward old-fashioned production, and was proportionately less interesting.

Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, as given by Pitoeff, was a triumphant justification of his methods, at any rate as applied to the many and shifting scenes and comic interludes of a Shakespeare play. The use of several different stage levels with a series of inner curtains contributed immensely to quickness of action and hence to that ideal of continuity the loss of which has been so much bewailed in modern productions of Shakespeare. The use of soft neutral draperies, interesting formal architectural pieces, and a kind of inspired intelligence in lighting made the play a series of colorful and significant pictures. The

(Continued on page 54)



Photos Manuel

A scene in *Uncle Vania*. The pale, slim, pinkish tree trunks, the fence-pickets outlined in perfect regularity against space, the attitudes of the family group, present in concrete form those boredoms and futilities and suppressed tragedies which make up a typical Tchekoff play.



Jail scene in *Measure for Measure*, showing the rise of different stage levels with a series of inner curtains. The atmosphere of severity is created by the bare wall and single barred window. Color is introduced in the curtain at the window and the lamps of the two standing figures.

PITOEFF'S PARIS THEATRE

Russian's Ideologic Stage Settings Challenge Worn Out Traditions of the French Theatre

The Puppeteer in the Spotlight

Revival of a Delightful Art Hailed as an Antidote to the Banalities of the Screen

By GILBERT I. STODOLA

THE recent announcement that Tony Sarg had established a marionette school was welcome news to those interested in this ancient and delightful art. It is gratifying to know that the puppet revival is growing, as shown by the increased demand for instruction in puppeteering. For several years there has been a class in marionette theatricals at the Little Thimble Theatre at Cleveland. During the past summer, a similar class was conducted by Knowles Entriakin, a member of Mr. Sarg's Company, at Mariarden, the summer school of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, near Peterboro, N. H. One may also find classes in puppeteering at several of the universities, notably at Columbia, in connection with the dramatic courses. It is noteworthy, too, that Mr. Sarg's little book on marionettes has exhausted two editions.

PERHAPS the most significant thing about the marionette revival is that those participating in it are interested in marionettes because of the possibilities they offer as a form of dramatic expression. There are at least fourteen individuals or groups in various parts of the country striving to give artistic marionette performances. This number includes several traveling caravan companies. Among the most unusual of these is that of Carol French and his wife, whose Marionette Theatre, which includes a fully-equipped stage, is installed in a large motor truck.

One must also not overlook the activities in this field of Mrs. Maurice Browne (better known as Ellen Van Volkenberg) who might almost be called "the mother of the American marionette," and whose delightful performances at the Chicago Little

Theatre did so much to revive the then dormant art of the puppet play. Miss Lilian Owen, too, is well-known in "marionette circles," not only for her effective work in co-operation with Mr. Sarg, but likewise for her independent efforts. The puppeteering

courses of Prof. Mathurian M. Dondo, at Columbia and at other universities, have proved the value of the art in connection with the study of the drama. Nor must the name of Mrs. Helen Haiman Joseph be omitted—that tireless enthusiast of the Cleveland Playhouse, who, when recently heard from, was traveling abroad, studying the puppets. Then within the past few years, Signor Buffano's marionettes have delighted many.



THE puppet has a long and honorable lineage. Wonderful puppet-dolls are found from time to time in ancient ruins, testifying to the fact that the youngsters and "grown-ups" of ancient Greece, Rome, Siam, Java, Japan and China, delighted in witnessing what perhaps were the ever-diverting antics of a Punch probably as rascally and disreputable as his modern descendant. It may even be that the Egyptian Pharaoh, whose slumbers are now being so rudely disturbed, may have enjoyed some sort of marionette performance. In the Middle Ages the puppets were enlisted in the service of the Church. The American Indians used them in their ceremonial dances. We find them performing in all times and climes, and covering with an extraordinary facility a vast range of dramatic expression, from the broadest and crudest farce-comedy to the most refined and exquisite poetic drama.

The present growing interest in marionettes is bound to have a beneficial effect on the art of the theatre, and the stimulus given to the imaginative faculties of those who attend marionette performances will act as an antidote against the banalities of the motion picture play.

I descended on Mr. Sarg's school one afternoon recently. Most of the pupil-puppeteers I found in the back-yard of his Ninth Street studio. Here, in the open, while disreputable Greenwich Village cats looked down in bored indifference, the enthusiastic workers were assembled about a long work-table, hammering, sawing, carving, sewing or otherwise engaged. Wooden limbs lay here and there in shameless indelicacy; grotesque heads were being modelled in plastecine, preparatory to being cast in *papier maché*; costumes, regal or otherwise were being fashioned for puppet stars. Indoors, more hammering and sawing—stage settings were being constructed; electric lighting apparatus fabricated, or other mechanical equipment being built.

I DISCOVERED the puppeteer in his front studio—busy, as usual, on a drawing—too busy to stop to talk. A model was seated on a high stool, posing. The exigencies of the occasion required that I shout my

questions at Mr. Sarg across the studio; and thus the interview proceeded under difficulties.

He expects, he told me, to give *Rip Van Winkle*, *Uncle Wiggley's Adventures*, and a group of vaudeville sketches known as *The Children's Hour*. As a new offering there will be *Don Quixote*, based on the adventures of the famous Spanish knight of the windmill, in which Mr. Sarg promises delightful surprises, including two new equine stars: Don's steed Rosinante, and Sancho's donkey. The Sarg company, last year, toured the country for eight months, going as far north as Canada and south to New Orleans. This year it is planned to send out two companies, and it was partly to train puppeteers for these companies that the school was organized.

MR. Sarg's interest in marionettes, which dates back six or seven years, grew out of his hobby for collecting queer toys, especially those of mechanical character. He spoke of the collection of toys left him by his grandmother, among which was a most striking contraption that had been extremely popular during the French Revolution. It represented the guillotining of a pig, the latter being labeled "Louis XVI!" This gruesome toy was sold in the streets of Paris during the Reign of Terror. It was this toy that had much to do with getting him interested in puppets and puppet plays. There is no doubt, however, that he takes his marionettes seriously, and in fact, the amount of time, thought and even money he lavishes on them is surprising. The production of *Rip Van Winkle*, for example, took many months to perfect and cost at least \$10,000.

"There is a tendency," said Mr. Sarg, "among people not familiar with the real spirit of the puppet play, to regard marionettes somewhat contemptuously, thinking of them as hardly more than play-toys for children. But they are a good deal more than that. True, they are merely bits of wood, wire, *papier maché*, or what not, toggled out in silks, satins or rags. But many fine works of art come from the simplest (Con'd on page 60)





BELA LUGOSI

A virile young Hungarian actor whose personal success in *The Red Poppy* with Estelle Winwood points to his becoming permanently a favorite of American play-goers.

Portraits by Goldberg

SIDNEY
BLACKMER

The handsome North Carolinian whose manifestly fine work in *The Love Child* has been the chief reason for that play's long run this

season.



HANDSOME MANHOOD IN FRENCH PLAYS

Two Young Actors of Virility and Talent Who Have Had Outstanding Success This Season

Helen Menken: Philosopher and Player

Actress Called the Young Bernhardt of Our Stage Tells of Her Difficult Youth

By ADA PATTERSON

IF I play the Paris waif half as well as the critics are kind enough to say I do, it is because I have always had too hard a time ever to become soft."

So Helen Menken explained her success in *The Seventh Heaven*—success so great that critics have called her a second Bernhardt.

It may pain the grave and reverend critics to learn that Miss Menken smiled at what she regards extravagant praise:

"I was pleased to read such reviews, of course," she said. Her eyes, big and brown and brilliant, indulged their habit of smiling. "But next season I may be out in 'The Sticks' getting bad notices. Yes, indeed. I've had bad ones. Some critics on the other side of the Hudson have wondered 'Why Helen Menken?' They've wondered in print. One cannot be over elated by a New York run and good notices when the other things may be waiting for her the next season."

EXPERIENCE IN STOCK

HAVING assured herself that I was bestowed in the most comfortable chair and the sunniest spot in the apartment which she has furnished for her mother in West Forty-fourth Street, willingly Miss Menken set about telling me of those "other things" bound in the sheaf of the twenty-two years of her life. She looked glowing, vital, happy, prosperous, in her quaint blue gown and her childlike blue bonnet with its twist of flowered ribbon. She looked dominant. But she told me she never did dominate unless it was in that great outburst in which the frightened waif turned upon her cruel sister and drove her out at the lash of a whip.

"The outburst was not one of genius," she said with quiet sincerity. "I was able to do it because ever since I was five years old,—that was seventeen years ago—I have played whatever and wherever I could. Last summer, when it looked as though *The Seventh Heaven* was going to be a success, my manager told me to save my strength by resting all summer. He offered to make a large advance on my salary so I might loaf awhile. But I didn't. I went to Elitch's Gardens and played in the stock company all summer. I needed the money. I have always needed money. But I felt that I needed the experience, too. I am glad I did. The hard stock grind that so many deplore, and all the parts I have played in all the failures I have been in, gave me the power to play that scene in *The Seventh Heaven*."

One must have had those sharp and sudden contacts with earth which the man of the street calls "bumps" to acquire the cool poise that is an inseparable part of Helen Menken. One must have started a race with handicaps and won it with much painful effort, to have gained her

enormous stock of common horse sense.

"The first thing I can remember is having an awful ear ache." She spoke with a little laugh at this ghost of vanished torture. "My mother was carrying me about the room. Up and down the room she went, across and across the floor, holding me tightly in her arms. I screamed as though I would tear off the roof. As I looked up into her face it came to me, surely if gradu-



Helen Menken as Diane, the frightened waif in *The Seventh Heaven*, turns upon her cruel sister and drives her out at the lash of a whip.

ally, that though my mother knew something was the matter with me she could not hear my cries. My father and mother were both deaf mutes.

"Yes, it was a strange childhood. The silence would seem appalling to a grown up. But I think it was good for me. I learned early to do things for myself. Since mother could not hear my cries for help I learned to dress myself before I was five years old. That served me well when I was on the road with a flock of other children and only one woman, the mother of one of the little ones, to take care of us.

"When you cannot summon one of two quiet persons to your side by an outcry you become inventive. You don't waste words. We use too many words. We are apt to talk so much that we have little time to think."

The child was bred on an island of silence, against which only the waves of the city's endless, distant chorus of sounds beat. At four she had learned the

code of those who cannot hear or speak. She could converse glibly with her father and mother by a flash of active, meaningful fingers. When she was five years old her aunt, who is Mrs. Mary Lilly, once Assembly woman from New York at Albany, advised that the child be put on the stage.

"She is bright and pretty and such children can earn something on the stage.

What she can earn will help you make both ends meet," advised the feminist leader in an anxious family counsel.

ROUGH BEGINNINGS

SMALL Helen Menken was aware that her face and hands were being scrubbed with more than usual care one morning, that she was wearing her best dress and newest hat. The reason for this was apparent when she faced a searching scrutiny by Mrs. Anna Taliaferro, the agent for stage children. She was engaged for a musical comedy. Her first salary was three and half dollars a week.

"The half dollar went every week to the agent," she told me with a flash of a smile. "It wasn't a jolly childhood," she went on, "but I managed to extract some jollity from it. Fortunately I was born with the gift of slurring over the hard places and emphasizing the pleasant experiences of my life.

"For instance, the children of the company were placed in close, and otherwise uncomfortable, rooms while we were on tour. When we were with one of the companies, rooms were taken for us above saloons. The company mother was always there to take care of us. But the fumes of the liquor came to us from the saloon below. The sounds of swearing and fighting and alcoholic singing often kept us awake. The discomforts of the room

drove us to the parks in summer and the public libraries in winter. I got most of my education in the public libraries where we went to keep warm.

HER DARKEST HOUR

I NEVER had a Christmas tree. Except occasionally one in the theatre that the older members of the company would put on the stage for the children. I believe the hardest time I ever had was when I was nine. The darkest hour of my life was on my ninth birthday. I carried my envelope home. There were fifteen dollars in it every working week by that time. It was my birthday and I wanted a birthday celebration. I had seen other children having birthday parties. I expected one.

"When I handed my mother the envelope I watched her fingers. I thought she would say something about a party or at least a gift. Not a movement of the fingers except to receive the envelope. I must have

(Continued on page 56)



Portrait by Bruguere

ROSALIND FULLER

Whose Lyrical Ophelia Awaits John Barrymore's Pleasure Before the Hopkins' Production of Hamlet is Shown to London and Who Meanwhile Has Returned to Her Charming Recitals of Old English Ballads and to Readings of Shakespeare

Icebound

A Play in Three Acts by Owen Davis

THE second product of Owen Davis' later period is another devastating study of New England farm life, written, as was "The Detour," in the quiet, deliberate mood of a man who has found his métier. The dismally-minded creatures who stalk his drama, waiting as "buzzards" the death and the division of the wealth of one of their number, are first cousins to the gargoyles who absorb the attention of Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, Ben Hecht, et al. in the book-world. This condensation is published by courtesy of Sam H. Harris. Copyright by Owen Davis.

THE CAST

(As produced by Mr. Sam H. Harris at the Sam H. Harris Theatre on February 10, 1923.)

Emma Jordan	Lotta Linthicum
Henry Jordan	John Westley
Nettie Jordan	Boots Wooster
Ella Jordan	Frances Neilson
Sadie Fellows	Eva Condon
Orin Fellows	Andrew J. Lawlor, Jr.
Doctor Curtis	Lawrence Eddinger
Jane Crosby	Phyllis Povah
Judge Bradford	Willard Robertson
Ben Jordan	Robert Ames
Hannah	Edna May Oliver
Jim Jay	Charles Henderson

Act I. The parlor of the Jordan Homestead at Veazie, Maine. Late November, 1922. In the room which for a hundred years has been the rallying point of the Jordans, are gathered the family to await the passing of the old woman who long has been the head of the clan. Henry Jordan, the eldest son, a heavy set man of 50, dull, worn by business cares; Emma, his wife; Nettie, a shallow little rustic beauty, the wife's child by a former marriage; Sadie, a Jordan, a widow and a gossip; Orrin, her son, ten years old; Ella, a Jordan, thirty-five and unmarried, restless and unsatisfied.

ELLA: I left everything just as soon as Jane sent me word.

SADIE: Why should Jane be with her instead of you or me, her own daughters?

HENRY: You girls always made her nervous, and I guess she's pretty low. (He looks at his watch again) I said I'd be back before closin' time. I don't know as I dare to trust those boys.

EMMA: You can't tell about things; when Sadie's husband died we sat there most all night.

SADIE: (Angrily) Yes, and you grudged it to him. I knew it then and it isn't likely I'm going to forget it.

ELLA: Will was a good man, but even you can't say he was ever very dependable.

HENRY: (He turns and glances nervously out of window) I don't know but what I could just run down to there for a minute, then hurry back.

SADIE: You're the oldest of her children, a body would think you'd be ashamed.

HENRY: (Crosses back to the stove) Oh, I'll stay.

Jane Crosby, 24, plainly dressed, and of quiet manner, "driven into herself" by lack of sympathy and affection, enters with the doctor, who has given her a prescription.

DOCTOR: Get it as quick as you can, Jane. I don't know as it's any use. (Jane starts off) But we've got to keep on trying.

JANE: Yes. (She exits)

DOCTOR: Jane's been up with her three nights.

I don't know when I've seen a more dependable girl.

ELLA: She ought to be.

HENRY: If there's any gratitude in the world.

DOCTOR: Oh, I guess there is; maybe there'd be more if there was more reason. (He returns upstairs)



DOCTOR: "We did our best, Jane."

ELLA: It's my place she took—in my own mother's home. I'd been here now, but for her. I ain't goin' to forget that. No. Me, all these years paying board and slaving my life out, making hats, like a nigger.

The conversation shifts to their mother's will, and how she may have divided her money.

HENRY: Well, I guess it would be fair enough if she was to remember the trouble I've had with my business. I don't know what she's worth, she's as tight-mouthed as a bear-trap, but I could use more'n a third of quite a little sum.

ELLA: Well, you won't get it. Not if I go to law.

HENRY: I like to see folks reasonable. I don't know what you'd want of a third of all mother's got, Ella.

SADIE: (To Ella) You, all alone in the world. ELLA: Maybe I won't be, when I get that money. I mean I never had anything in all my life, now I'm going to. I'm the youngest of

all of you, except Ben, and he never was a real Jordan. I've never had a chance, I've been stuck here worse than if I was dead, fifty times worse. Now I'm going to buy things—everything I want—I don't care what—I'll buy it, even if it's a man. (All laugh)

ORRIN: Mum! Mum! (pulling at his mother's skirts) I thought you told me not to laugh, not once while we was here?

HENRY: There hasn't been a Jordan before Ben who's disgraced the men more'n a hundred years—he stands indicted before the Grand Jury for some of his drunken devilment. If he hadn't run away, like the criminal he is, he'd be in the State's Prison now down to Thomaston. Don't talk Ben to me, after the way he broke mother's heart and hurt my credit. We've always been a united family, we've always got to be, leavin' Ben out, of course, you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ears.

ORRIN: Mum! Say, Mum! Why should anybody want to make a silk purse out of a sow's ears?

ELLA: Can't you stop that boy askin' such foolish questions?

SADIE: Well, as far as that goes, why should they? It never seems reasonable to me.

HENRY: (Sternly) Decent folks don't reason about religion, they just accept it.

ORRIN: You could make a skin purse out of a sow's ear, but I'll be darned if you could make a silk purse out of one. I'll bet God couldn't.

Jane returns with Judge Bradford, a man of about 35, better dressed than the others, a more cosmopolitan type, a New Englander, but a University man, the local Judge and the leading lawyer of the town.

JUDGE: Court set late, I couldn't get here before.

JANE: I'll take this right up to her.

JUDGE: I can't realize it, she has always been so strong, so dominant.

ELLA: In the midst of life we are in death.

ORRIN: Say, mum, that's in the Bible, too.

HENRY: An awful time for us. Mother—wasn't ever the kind to neglect things; if the worst does come, she'll find herself prepared. Won't she. Won't she, Judge?

JUDGE: Her affairs are, as usual, in perfect order.

HENRY: In every way?

JUDGE: (Looks at him coldly) Her will is drawn and is on deposit in my office, if that is what you mean.

HENRY: Well—that is what I mean. I'm no hypocrite.

ELLA: Just to the three of us, that would be fair.

HENRY: Judge! My brother's name ain't in her will, is it? Tell me that. Ben's name ain't there?

Two-year old Peggy.



An imitation of Elsie Ferguson in *Outcast*, in the *Cohan Revue* of 1918.



In *Young America*, her first dramatic success as a leading woman, 1915.



Marceau

The Madcap Duchess, 1914



Fairchild

In *Maytime*, 1919.



Monroe

In *The Clinging Vine*.

Motif by Lyman Brown

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGE--No. 8 PEGGY WOOD

A writing father, Eugene Wood, gave Peggy a taste for the world of letters, and when she is not absorbed with the life of a popular light opera star, she is in Connecticut on Buddiebrook Farm, writing poetry and drama. Mme. Calvé, with whom she coached last summer, saw a delicate beauty not only in Miss Wood's voice but in her cameo-like head, and before she left France, several fine miniatures were made by distinguished European artists. Just a little while ago she was serving as understudy to Ann Swinburne in *The Madcap Duchess*, but in George M. Cohan's *Young America* she had her first chance at a leading rôle and registered so effectively that she was included in the *Cohan Revue* of 1918 where she gave an imitation of Elsie Ferguson's *Outcast*. *Buddies* and *Maytime* followed, and in due course, her present success—*The Clinging Vine*.

JUDGE: I'd rather not talk about it, Henry.
 ELLA: She'd cut him off, she said, last time he disgraced us, and she's a woman of her word.
 SADIE: (*Eagerly to Judge*) And the very next day she sent for you, because I was here when she telephoned, and you came to her that very afternoon because I saw you from my front window cross right up to this door.
 JUDGE: Your brother has been gone for almost two years, your memory is very clear.
 NETTIE: So's her window.

Jane enters, with the news that there is no change in the mother's condition. The outside door slams and a few moments later Ben Jordan steps into the room and faces them with a smile of reckless contempt. He is the black sheep of the Jordan family, years younger than any of the others, a wild, selfish, arrogant fellow, handsome but sulky and defiant.

BEN: Well—(*He looks contemptuously about. Sits at table*) Nobody missing. The Jordans are gathered again, handkerchiefs and all.

HENRY: You'll be arrested soon as folks know you've come.

Ben reveals the fact that Jane, who has kept steadily in touch with him, sent her own money that he might come home before his mother died. The others are angered. Ben insists upon going to his mother and Henry tries physically to prevent him; in the commotion the women scream and the Doctor coming downstairs, chides them for their unseemly behavior. The mother has heard the row and in a few moments Jane brings them word that she has died.

HENRY: (*After a moment's silence broken by the low sobs of the women who for a moment forget their selfishness in the presence of death*) The Jordans won't ever be the same, she was the last of the old stock, Mother was. No, the Jordans won't ever be the same.

JANE: Hannah and I will attend to everything, Henry. You might come over for a minute this evening and we can talk things over. I'll make the bed up in your old room, Ben, if you want to stay.

EMMA: (*Rising and looking at Jane coldly*) Now, Henry Jordan, if she's all through givin' orders maybe you'll begin.
 HENRY: We was thinkin' now that mother's dead, that there wasn't much use in your stayin' on here.

JANE: (*Turns on them*) I hate you, the whole raft of you, and I'll be glad to get away from you. She was the only one of you worth loving, and she didn't want it.

JUDGE: (*Quietly*) Jane isn't going at all, Henry.
 HENRY: What's that?

JUDGE: From the moment of your mother's death everything here belonged to Jane.

BEN: Ha! Ha! Ha!

HENRY: She couldn't have done a thing like that without sayin' why. She said something, didn't she?

JUDGE: I don't know that I care to repeat it.

HENRY: (*Fiercely*) You must repeat it.

JUDGE: (*At table*) Very well. The day that will was drawn she said to me, "The Jordans are all waiting for me to die, like carrion crows

around a sick cow in a pasture, watchin' till the last twitch of life is out of me before they pounce. I'm going to trick them," she said, "I'm going to surprise them, they are all fools but Jane—Jane's no fool."

BEN: (*Bitterly*) No—Ha! Ha! Ha! Jane's no fool.

JUDGE: And she went on—(*turns to Jane*)—she said, "Jane is stubborn, and set, and wilful, but she's no fool. She'll do better by the Jordan money than any of them."

HENRY: (*To Judge*) We can break that will, you know we can.

JUDGE: It's possible.

HENRY: Possible! You *know*, don't yer? You're supposed to be a good lawyer.

JUDGE: Of course, if I *am* a good lawyer you can't break that will. There are small bequests left to each of you.

SADIE: How much?



JANE: "Two hundred dollars. You can try that dress-making business if you want to, Ella."

JUDGE: One hundred dollars each.

ELLA: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! (*She laughs wildly*)

HENRY: (*Sternly*) Stop your noise, Ella.

ELLA: I—ha-ha-ha—I told you I was going to have my laugh, didn't I? Ha! Ha! Ha!

ORRIN: (*Pulls Sadie's skirt*) Ain't she still dead, Mum? Ain't Grandma still dead?

SADIE: (*Angrily*) Of course she is.

ORRIN: But I thought we was all goin' to cry.

SADIE: Cry then, you awful little brat.

She slaps his face and he roars loudly; she takes him by the arm and yanks him out of the room, followed by Henry, Emma, Nettie and Ella—through his roars they all speak together as they go. The front door is heard to slam. Jane, Ben and the Judge are alone.

BEN: Ha! Ha! Ha! "Crow Buzzards," mother called us—the last of the Jordans—crow buzzards—and that's what we are.

He asks Jane if he may go up to see his

mother; she consents, and he goes. In his absence the Judge mentions a sealed letter which Mrs. Jordan has left for Jane.

JUDGE: And so you're a rich woman. I am curious to know how you feel.

JANE: (*Looks at Judge, half smiles*) Just tired.

Ben comes slowly down into the room.

BEN: If there was only something I could do for her. Did mother look like that, unhappy, all the time?

JUDGE: Yes.

BEN: Crow buzzards. God damn the Jordans!

The front doorbell rings sharply. It is the Sheriff, after Ben. Jane offers to give bail for him, but he refuses the favor at her hands.

JANE: I'm just curious. You've got so much contempt for the rest, I was just wondering. You were wild, Ben, and hard, but you were honest, what brought you here?

BEN: (*Sulkily*) The money.

JANE: I thought so, but when you saw her you were sorry, but even then the money was in your mind—well—it's mine now. And you've got to take your choice, you can do what I tell you, or you'll go with Mr. Jay.

Ben finally capitulates and it is arranged that he will stay and work the farm until the Spring Term of court.

Act II. Sitting room of the Jordan Homestead. Some months later. Ella sits at the sewing machine, hemming rough towels. Orrin and Nettie are by the fireplace, Sadie, dressed for outdoors, is also present. The usual petty quarreling is going on between them.

SADIE: (*To Nettie*) Tell your mother I don't wonder she's sort of worried about you. I'd be if you was my daughter.

NETTIE: Then you know a lot. I heard Horace Bevins say a week ago that he didn't know as it was any use tryin' to have a Masonic Lodge in the same town as you.

SADIE: There never was a Bevins yet didn't have his tongue hung from the middle. The day his mother was married she answered both responses.

ORRIN: Mum—mum—shall I take my coat off or are we goin' to stay, Mum?

SADIE: No, we ain't goin' to stay, I just want to see Cousin Jane a minute.

ELLA: It won't do you much good. She won't lend you any more money.

SADIE: How do you know?

ELLA: Because I tried it myself.

Jane enters, aproned, some towels over her arm. She has an unmistakable air of direction.

JANE: Are those towels finished?

ELLA: Some is, maybe I'd have done 'em all if I'd been a centipede.

JANE: Orrin, just run out to the barn and tell your Uncle Ben we've got to have a path cleared under the clothesline.

ORRIN: All right. (*Starts for door*)

DWIGHT FRYE

Who, after stock, vaudeville and road shows, invaded New York this year and played four parts: first in *The Plot Thickens*, then as *The Son in Six Characters in Search of an Author*; next with a droll naïveté the piano-tuner of *Rita Coventry*. He is now in *The Love Habit*.



H. COOPER CLIFFE

Whose fine study of a Bad Actor in Guitry's *The Comedian* recalls memories of all the prominent rôles he has played on Broadway, including, of course, his admirable Nobody in *Everywoman*. He is a member of an old acting clan, deriving from the famous Kembles.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

With *Polly Preferred* (the girl who incorporated herself), Miss Tobin sent her stock soaring this season. She began as a child with Warfield and later toured the Keith circuit with her sister Vivian in a Washington Square play, *The Age of Reason*. Pat in *Little Old New York* established her right to star.



Nelson



White

ROLAND YOUNG

A Broadway favorite who came to America with the *Hindle Wakes* company. Since that time he has been the good-looking lead in *Good Gracious*, *Annabelle!*, *A Successful Calamity*, *Buddies*, *Rollo's Wild Oat*, and *Madame Pierre* with Estelle Winwood, who is co-star in his present success, *Anything Might Happen*.



White

HITS OF THE MONTH

The Approving Eye of the Theatre-Going Public Is Upon Them

JANE: And Orrin—tell Hannah to give you a piece of pie.

When she has left the room again, Ben enters with a large armful of wood. As he enters, Sadie gives a little giggle; Ben stops and looks at her.

SADIE: How do you like workin'?

BEN: How do you think I like working a big farm in winter, tending the stock and milking ten cows. How do I like it? Another month of it and then State's Prison, I guess. I don't know as I'll be sorry when the time comes.

NETTIE: Do you know I'm sorry for you—awful sorry? (*Speaks low*)

BEN: You're a good kid, Nettie.

While they are talking Henry and Emma enter. Nettie is called away from Ben. Jane sends for Ben. He refuses to go. She comes herself for him.

BEN: I ain't going to move off this stool today. You do what you damn please. Send for Jim Jay, have me locked up, do as you please. Oh, I've said it before, but this time I mean it.

JANE: It's one of the horses. I don't know what's the matter with her. She's down in her stall just breathing. She won't pay any attention to me.

BEN: Old Nellie?

JANE: Yes.

BEN: Watcha got? (*Takes bottle from her hand and looks at it*) That stuff's no good. Here—if you hadn't spent five minutes stalling around, I might have had a better chance. (*Exits quickly*)

HENRY: Mother was like that about animals. I guess Ben sort of takes after her. HANNAH: (*The ancient maid-of-all-work*) Of course, he is—he's the spittin' image of her.

JANE: (*Re-entering*) Well—(*she looks at them inquiringly*) we have quite a family gathering here this afternoon. I'm wondering if there's any special reason for it.

HENRY: I want to talk with you for just a minute, Jane.

JANE: I've a lot to do. Suppose I answer you all at once. I'm sorry, but I can't lend you any money today.

She firmly declines to grant their requests. Henry wants a note endorsed, Sadie rent money, Ella two hundred dollars to start a dress-making shop. Nettie after a new frock, lags behind, when her parents and Sadie leave. She goes upstairs with Ella.

HANNAH: Every time I listen to that girl, I get fur on my tongue.

JANE: Fur?

HANNAH: Like when dyspepsia's comin'. There's two things I can't abide—her and cucumbers.

ORRIN: (*Re-entering*) I just remember I forgot something. (*Goes to fireplace*)

JANE: Oh, your overshoes—you mustn't go out without your overshoes.

ORRIN: If I had a pair of skates, I wouldn't need any overshoes.

JANE: Well, you could get a pair, couldn't you?

ORRIN: (*Crossing to the door, on his way out*) I could if I had two dollars.

JANE: Orrin, (*Takes bill from purse*) here's two dollars.

ORRIN: Two dollars! Two dollars! Say—

you didn't think I—I was sort of hinting for it?

JANE: Oh, no!

ORRIN: Well, I'm sorry about hintin', but I'm glad I got the skates. (*Exits*)

BEN: (*Returning from the barn*) Well, I fixed old Nellie up. Just got her in time. Thought she was gone for a minute—but she's going to be all right—I remember her when she was a filly—year before I went to school.

JANE: You like animals, don't you, Ben?

BEN: (*She starts to take sewing basket, changes her mind and goes to sit at the table*) I don't know—I don't like to see them suffer. I guess it's mostly because they ain't to blame for it. Animals live cleaner than we do anyhow and when you do anything for them—they've got gratitude. Folks haven't.

JANE: Hand me that sewing basket, Ben.

BEN: (*Crosses to the machine and brings sew-*



BEN: (*Reading*). "Through a woman who will hold out her heart and let him trample on it, as he has on mine."

(*ing basket down to her*) Sometimes I kinda think I'd like to be here when Spring comes and see all the young critters come into the world. I should think there would be a lot a feller could do to make it easier for them.

JANE: Yes.

BEN: Everybody's always making a fuss over women and their babies—I guess animals have got some feelings, too.

JANE: Yes.

BEN: What's the difference? A prison ain't just a place. It's being somewhere you don't want to be and that's where I've always been.

JANE: You liked the army, didn't you?

BEN: I s'pose so. There was things to do and you did 'em.

JANE: And someone to tell you what to do.

BEN: Maybe that's it. Somebody that knew better than I did. It galled me at first but pretty soon we got over in France and I saw we was really doing something. Then I didn't mind. I just got to doing what I was told and it worked out all right.

JANE: Somebody must do the farming, Ben.

BEN: Somebody like the Jordans, that's been doing it generation after generation. Well, look at us—I heard a fellow in the Y. M. C. A. hut telling us how Nature brought animals into the world. Able to face what they had to face.

JANE: Yes, Ben?

BEN: That's what Nature's done for us Jordans. Brought us into the world half froze before we was born. Brought us into the world mean and hard so's we could live the hard, mean life we have to live.

JANE: I don't know, Ben, but what we could live it different.

BEN: They laugh over there and sing, and God knows, when I was there they didn't have much to sing about. I was at a rest camp near Nancy, after I got wounded. I told you about that French lady with all those children that I got billeted with.

JANE: Yes.

BEN: They used to sing right at the table and laugh. God, it brought a lump into my throat more than once, looking at them and remembering the Jordans.

JANE: I guess there wasn't much laughing at your family table.

BEN: Just a few folks together, day after day, and every little thing you don't like about the other, rasping on your nerves till it almost drives you crazy. Most folks quiet because they've said all the things they've got to say a hundred times. Other folks, talking, talking, talking about nothing. Sometimes somebody sort of laughs, and it scares you. Seems like laughter needs the sun same as flowers do. Ice-bound, that's what we are—all of us—inside and out. (*Turns and looks out of the window*)

It is Jane's birthday. She has ordered a blue dress, of the precise shade described by Ben as worn by the daughter of the French lady. She and Hannah have prepared a gala supper. The Judge drops in and Jane asks him to get Ben off by paying for the barn which he burned.

JUDGE: You—you love Ben—Jane?

JANE: Do you know what was in that sealed letter you gave me, the day after she died?

JUDGE: No.

JANE: I want to read it to you. (*Takes letter from portfolio in table drawer and reads*): "My dear Jane—the doctor tells me I haven't long to live, and so I'm doing this, the meanest thing I think I've ever done to you. I am leaving you the Jordan money. Since my husband died, there has been just one person I could get to care about—that's Ben who was, my baby so long after all the others had forgotten how to love me, and Ben's a bad son and a bad man. I can't leave him the money—he'd squander it, and the Jordan money came hard. If squandering the money would bring him happiness, I'd face all the Jordans in the other world and laugh at them, but I know there's only just one chance to save my boy. Through a woman who will hold out her heart to him and let him trample on it as he has on mine."

JUDGE: Jane!

JANE: "Who'd work and pray and live for him until, as age comes on, and maybe he gets a little tired, he'll turn to her, and you're that woman, Jane. You've loved him ever since you

(*Continued on page 58*)



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ALICE BRADY

Long Absent from the Legitimate Stage, This Popular Actress is about to Return to it under the Management of Charles Frohman, Inc. in a New American Comedy by Salisbury Fields called "Zander the Great." This will be Miss Brady's First Appearance as a Star under Other Direction than her Father's

THE SCREEN

CLAYTON HAMILTON'S PAGE OF MOTION-PICTURE COMMENT AND REVIEW

IT takes one person, and only one, to make a poem or a painting or a statue: it takes many people to make a motion picture: and this is the main reason why the motion picture so rarely deserves consideration as a work of art. Art has been defined as "life seen through a temperament": and the flavor of art depends less upon the sort of life that is looked at than upon the sort of temperament through which it is observed. But whenever a dozen people with a dozen different temperaments endeavor to collaborate in the making of a motion picture, the segment of life which the ultimate observer is invited to inspect will be seen only through a series of compromises.

It was the arch misfortune of the motion picture that it succeeded too early and too easily as a commercial commodity. The demand for this new type of entertainment, almost from the very outset, enormously exceeded the supply; and the only practical way of satisfying this demand was to adopt the factory system of multiple production of standardized products. Men who formerly had manufactured cloaks and suits established big studios which were capable of turning out an aggregate of nearly a thousand feature pictures every year. These pictures were labeled with patented trade-marks—such as "Paramount Pictures," "Goldwyn Pictures," "Metro Pictures," "Universal Pictures," and the like—and millions of dollars were expended in advertising these commercial labels. Pictures were sold to the public by the same methods of commercial exploitation which had been employed to propagate Uneda Biscuits, or Sapolio, or Gillette Safety Razors, or Royal Baking Powder.

GIVE US ARTISTS

ALL went well enough, from the commercial standpoint, until a year or two ago, when the average patron woke up to the discovery that, after he had actually seen a dozen pictures with a certain label, he had really seen them all—past, present, and future,—and that therefore it would not be necessary for him to spend his time and money in the motion picture theatres any more. An over-inflated industry experienced a drastic slump; and the former manufacturers of cloaks and suits, in a panic of bewilderment, snatched at a watchword which they had often vaguely heard but never understood, and began to bleat out, "Give us art!"

But this cry of "Give us art"—if philosophically understood—should be analyzed into two basic propositions:—first, "Give us artists," and, second, "Give us the common sense to leave these artists alone." It is the second proposition that is nullified by the factory system which still afflicts the motion picture industry. The leaders of this industry are sufficiently astute to summon many artists to their service, by offer-

ing alluring salaries and still more alluring promises; but, after these artists are "signed up," they are usually treated as factory hands, expected to furnish inspiration by the ticking of the time-clock, and ordered to submit their ideas to a perpetual series of committees, in which, as individuals, they are, of course, perpetually outvoted.

Art can never be composed by committees nor manufactured in factories. Imagine a committee of half a dozen of the greatest English poets called together by a manufacturer—who would have, *ex-officio*, the deciding voice in their deliberations—and ordered to turn out, within factory hours, an *Ode to a Nightingale*. Let us imagine that this committee should be composed of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Browning,—all of them good artists in their way, though somewhat different in their temperaments and tastes. It is easily imaginable that, between nine and half past five (with half an hour off for luncheon), this committee might get as far as "My heart aches,—and a drowsy numbness pains my sense"; but one may seriously wonder if the rest of that masterpiece would ever be composed. The *Ode to a Nightingale* had to be written, if at all, by a lonely youth, a lad whose name was writ in water, afar from any factory, hapless, hopeless, and forlorn.

THE UNIT SYSTEM

THE big producers are slowly but gradually learning that, if there is to be any hope for art in motion pictures, they must reorganize their factories in accordance with the so-called "unit system," which places each production under the sole and inappealable authority of a specially appointed individual. Whether this individual should be the director or the author remains—in the light, at least, of my experience—a merely academic question. Sometimes a gifted author, like Rupert Hughes, may learn to be a still more gifted director; sometimes an able director, like Frank Lloyd, may learn to be an equally able author; and sometimes the two functions may be equally balanced from the outset, as in the instance of William C. de Mille. But, in practice as in theory, it has been found that good pictures have resulted only when several functions have been co-ordinated in the mind of a single individual sufficiently dominant to control the committees and to override the interpellations of the *ex-officio* manufacturers. The gradual approach of the motion picture to the status of an art may, in fact, be measured by its gradual approach to the status of a one-man job.

The one indubitable artist that the motion picture industry has produced without itself, without recourse to the capitalistic



subterfuge of "signing up" established artists culled from other fields, is Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin is adored by the multi-millions as a sort of super-clown, and is lauded by the smallest and most select minority as a master of the art of pantomime; but the most important point about his work, and the point which ordinarily is missed, is that Chaplin is not merely a performer, but also a producer, an author, a director, and an editor. His pictures are superlative because they are consistent with themselves from first to last; and they are consistent with themselves because each of them, in every department of the undertaking, has been, from first to last, a one-man job.

THE PILGRIM

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S latest four-reel comedy, *The Pilgrim*, is a veritable work of art according to its genre, though it is not so notable a creation as *The Kid*. What the new picture lacks, in comparison with that antecedent masterpiece, is the human richness provided by the overtones of sentiment and pathos; but it is unfalteringly humorous and delightfully satirical.

In *The Pilgrim*, Chaplin, as an escaped convict, exchanges his clothes for those of a casual swimmer in a wayside pond, who happens to be a clergyman. In the sort of uniform that is dominated by a collar which is buttoned at the back of the neck, Charlie alights from a train at a small town in Texas at the very moment when a committee of local citizens is awaiting the arrival of a new minister. He is immediately dragged to church and required to preach a sermon on the subject of David and Goliath. This sermon, which is accomplished entirely in pantomime, without the intrusion of a single sub-title, either spoken or explanatory, may be accepted as Mr. Chaplin's *chef d'oeuvre* of sheer cinematography. The remainder of the composition is even more amusing and more provocatively funny. A veritable work of art has been accomplished, because life has been shown through the temperament of an individual peculiarly endowed to appreciate the philosophic and satiric humor of a segment of experience which ordinarily is viewed with an inordinate solemnity.

As this article goes to press, I am informed that *The Pilgrim* has been banned in entirety by the Pennsylvania Board of
(Continued on page 66)



GLENN HUNTER

"Merton" Came Really to the Movies and Plays the Part of the Animated Scarecrow in the New Picture Based on Percy MacKaye's Play

Barbara Kemp's Debut in "Mona Lisa"—Bohnen a Fine Singing Actor—The Wagnerian Festival

Conducted by KATHERINE LANE SPAETH

HOW women with a flair for being steadily subtle must envy Barbara Kemp, who created the title rôle in *Mona Lisa*, given at the Metropolitan Opera House early in March! Of course, having to creep about the stage, with the popular enigmatical smile permanently waved, is not easy. But Madame Kemp achieved it.

There is a gorgeously hued libretto by Beatrice Dovsky (sung in German) which tells the story of love, hatred, jealousy and murder as the Florentines of the late 15th century played with these things. If only Max Schillings could have borrowed a ray of Montemezzi's atmospheric craft for his music, we should be boring one another with an ecstatic, "Another 'L'Amore dei Tre Re!'"

A TOUCHING TALE

DURING the past ten years, novelties have gone their misty or garish ways upon the stage of the red and gilt house. Sometimes there have been brilliant stories—*La Reine Fiammette*, for example. But the music has been consistently inadequate. Pearl embroidered costumes and Anisfield scenery and Farrar could not make Février's opera anything but a touching tale, greatly interrupted by music that was neat where it should have been gaudy.

To the triangle of *Mona Lisa*, her lover, her elderly husband, Schillings wrote motion picture accompaniments, for the most part. His score could have been marked: "A—Gaiety. Quick music for party when Queen of Beauty enters. B: Threatening rumbles. C: Stormy bits suggesting anger of suspicious husband." And when the centuries rolled forward, four of them, such a roar of sound burst from every horn, kettle-drum and noise-maker that some of the Family Circle leaners were nearly vibrated over the railing.

BOHNEN'S FINE ACTING

ON a sight-seeing tour of Florence, a young wife (Madame Kemp), and her middle-aged husband (M. Bohnen), are being shown through what was once the mansion of the jewel merchant, Francesco. The stage grows dark. Centuries slip backward and the tragedy of a young bride married to an older man becomes tense.

Mona Lisa loves Giovanni, whom she knew before Francesco did his delicate courting by the medieval process of telling her father, "I'll take that one. Just send her to my house." The husband suspects her, traps the lover in his jewel-cabinet, an airless vault where no one can live more than an hour. Then he makes vicious love to his wife, dragging her close to the cabinet

so that the choking Giovanni may hear.

Just to make it more difficult, Francesco throws the only key to the vault into the Arno. It is found in the morning, having dropped into his daughter's boat. *Mona Lisa* tricks her husband into entering the cabinet, slams the door and starts off for mass, smiling more subtly than usual, and murmuring, "Fra Girolama preaches so

ments in *Mona Lisa* which left us incredulous.

Why should the ferocious Francesco start back from the cabinet with horror, when he discovers his victim? So ruthless a brute would hardly have been surprised to find that Giovanni was dead, just as the directions on the vault said a man would be.

And how could *Lisa* calmly sleep upon the floor for several hours, while her lover suffocated? She arose in the morning sunshine with the air of one who says, "Well, I just *must* have my eight hours, or I am simply good for nothing all day!"

ANIMA ALLEGRA

FLORENCE is amiably suggested by shadowy olive trees and the sluggish Arno. Sometimes German words from the lips of authentically costumed Italians were a bit incongruous. And the Queen of Beauty had such coy ideas that when she stood beside the quiet *Lisa*, a voice behind me whispered, "Sacred and Inane Love!" But *Mona Lisa* was worth putting on. It is already popular.

I do not think *Anima Allegra* important. *Pollyanna Preferred* should be its title. But it gives Lucrezia Bori a chance to wear the becoming high combs, rose-encrusted shawls and mantillas of her native Spain.

She is always climbing upon chairs, tables and platforms to proclaim her theory that if one smiles, it is all one needs to do. Somehow, insistence upon good cheer makes me wish to choose "The vice with the smile wins" for my daily uplift.

A lot of perfect Wagnerites found West 34th Street while the Opera Festival was at the Manhattan four weeks. And when a New York audience actually is punctual about a performance that begins at seven o'clock, there is genuine devotion behind the gesture. *Die Meistersinger* opened the Festival and who would miss the overture?

WAGNER'S SONOROUS TIDE

IT poured forth a splendid, sonorous tide with Leo Blech making his orchestra play better than they knew. The performance had rare perfection. Smooth, almost burnished, the greatest of all music-dramas flowed melodiously with a cast so good that just when you chose Robert Hutt's Walther as the best of the lot, you changed to Zador's Beckmesser, and then over to Friedrich Plaschke who was Hans Sachs. He made the cobbler-philosopher at once forceful, kindly vehement, with enormous power for mood expression in his flexible voice.

The Ring was welcomed affectionately. Deems Taylor wrote that he often
(Continued on page 60)



Goldberg

MLLE. ODA SLOBODSKAJA

Russian dramatic soprano, a distinguished principal of the Petrograd Opera, who arrived in America last October to tour with the Ukrainian National Chorus. Mid-summer will find her concertizing in South America.

beautifully!" Her sudden fall down some generous steps and her shriek of madness could haunt the nervous.

Centuries leap forward and the curtain falls with the lay brother (Curt Taucher, who doubles as Giovanni), sighing *Mona Lisa*'s name as the sight-seeing couple depart.

Even more impressive than Kemp's narrowed eyes and veracious-to-da-Vinci smile, was Michael Bohnen, bass-baritone from the Munich Opera, who made his début as the thwarted husband. He has not sung much in the past few years, having become one of the most popular motion picture actors in Europe. And he is real, strong, virile, pointed of gesture, tremendously convincing in his scenes of cruelty.

Bohnen's voice is full, resonant and capable of tender coloring, as I discovered when I heard his Gurnemanz in *Parsifal* and his King Mark in *Lohengrin*. Magic was in his acting, even during those mo-

MARIA JERITZA

In the classic robes of Thais, a rôle magnificently sung by the Viennese in her triumphant second season at the Metropolitan.

(Top center)

Setzer



INA BOURSKAYA

Russian mezzo-soprano, heard at the Metropolitan, who is regarded by her countrymen as second only to their popular idol, Chaliapin.

(Lower panel)



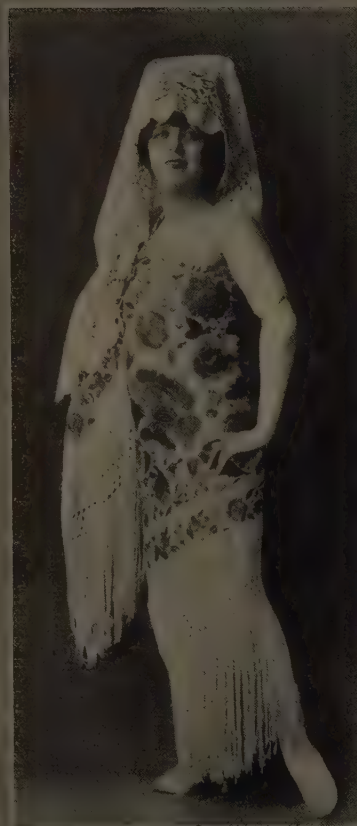
WILLEM MENGELBERG

Genius of the baton, who brings to the old repertoire of the Symphony Orchestra readings of new vitality and richness.

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LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

The most brilliant of the younger conductors, and leader of the fine Philadelphia Orchestra, which he has made famous.



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EDWIN HUGHES

An intellectual whose piano recitals are novel and interesting, and champion of the American composer.

Bain

WILLIAM BACHAUS

Famous pianist who plays Chopin and the Masters with unforgettable authority, beauty and charm.



BRAINS, FIRE AND BEAUTY IN MUSIC

Artistes Whose Interpretative Genius Makes Them Dominant Figures in the World of Harmony



KAREL CAPEK
Author of *R. U. R.* and one of the most successful of the younger Czecho-Slovakian dramatists.



PHILIP BARRY
Author of *You and I*, the Harvard prize play, now running successfully at the Belmont Theatre.

A FAMOUS QUARTET
An interesting group on the occasion of the Empire Theatre's Thirtieth Anniversary Celebration. From left to right: Daniel Frohman, David Belasco, Billie Burke and Gilbert Miller.

White



MR. and MRS. PAUL WHITEMAN
The King of Jazz sails for England to show Britons the American brand of Syncopation.

JOSEPH STRANSKY
Distinguished ex-conductor of the New York Philharmonic enjoying ocean breezes at Atlantic City.



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HEDWIG REICHER
As the Stranger in the film version of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*.



Keystone

THE PASSING SHOW

Conspicuous Theatrical Figures On and Off Broadway

HEARD ON BROADWAY

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by



L'Homme Qui Sait

THERE is no Broadway figure better known in one way and less known in another than P. G. WODEHOUSE, the brilliant English creator of musical show books. His work is dashing and bold enough, but personally, he is the shyest human being who lives. He is the sort who, when finding himself suddenly alone anywhere with a stranger to whom he has just been introduced, will remark "Excuse me a minute, I'll be back directly." And will not be seen for another three weeks!

Speaking of shyness, I dare say EUGENE O'NEILL takes the bright particular prize among the Broadway Bashfuls. O'Neill's attitude is almost an apologetic one and on a casual meeting one senses little of the power and personality of the man. He came to town recently to see the Russians at the Jolson Theatre and declared them to be the greatest dramatic treat he had ever had. As O'Neill owes a great deal to Russian dramatic literature, the Stanislavsky performances were naturally very much "down his alley."

I ran into the dress rehearsal of BELASCO'S latest production, *The Comedian*. The Master was busy telling his "children" not to be nervous at the *première*. "Forget that they are out there, those people," he advised, "think only of the job in hand which is to enact a character and not to please the audience." It sounds to me as though David were beginning to steal a little of the Art Theatre stuff.

THREE GUILTY ONES

HOW can a combination of such names as A. H. WOODS, PAULINE FREDERICK, and MICHAEL MORTON be connected with so grotesque a failure as the recent production of *The Guilty One*? Next to *Wild Oats Lane*, it had the worst panning of the year from the press. Even the caramel pinheads, who can be counted upon to support a great many of the minor Woods' projects, keep safely away from the purchase of seats that are dumped on the counter of the cut-rate ticket shop at 43rd Street and Broadway.

I have never seen such ease in rehearsal as ALICE BRADY'S. She literally seems to swing through a part. The bunk vouchsafed by so many incompetent players that they are not acting at a rehearsal because they have not yet learned their lines, is indicated by the unsurpassed facility with which Miss Brady "plays" from the recital of her very first "verse."

WHEN AN ACTRESS IS NOT AN ACTRESS

IT is a well-known fact that the usual actor or actress can be spotted two blocks away as being a member "of the profession." There is a certain jauntiness and excessive style in the toilet of almost everybody on the stage which makes their calling quite visible to the naked eye. One of the greatest exceptions to the rule is PEGGY WOOD. I defy anybody, including the Methodist Church Council, to find a trace of the exhibitionistic in Miss Woods' private appearance and attire. She appears to be the most quiet and suppressed of demoiselles and crowns the general effect with a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

Speaking of Miss Wood, it is not generally known that she is the wife of JOHN V. A. WEAVER, the Brooklyn boy poet, one or two volumes of whose works in the field of verse have been called sensational in their reflection of American middle class language and ideas.

Those who feel that LOWELL SHERMAN is wasting marked talents on trash like *Morphia* and hope for his appearance in a "good play" will be interested to learn that in the Fall he is to appear as Giacomo Casanova, Chevalier de Seingalt, in the Frohman production of a play called *Casanova*, adapted from the Spanish by SIDNEY HOWARD. The character is the great lover of the famous "Memoirs." The production will be colorful and romantic to an unusual degree, and Sherman's admirers will no doubt rejoice at finding their idol in such high estate at the Empire.

MARGUERITE MAXWELL is in Europe enjoying the excitements of Italy. She will be back in the Fall in a new play that is being written for her.

UP BLIND ALLEYS

OUR learned Mr. Hornblow may cry loudly every now and then for new composers for the musical shows, but the chances are slim that his appeal will or can be listened to. There are a hundred clever youths on Broadway longing for an opportunity to have their music played who will have to wait to sneak into the game through the mediation of some small, independent producer who can't afford one of the "big fellows" and so, willy nilly, must turn to the unknowns. The whole musical show business is so interlocked with the interests of the important music publishing houses, such as Harms, and Feist and Berlin, and the rest of 'em, that only their own acknowledgedly successful contract writers are relied upon to produce the tune hits. It's a crazy system but they seem to like it! Broadway has the intelligence of a mining camp. Where gold has once been found, it reckons, there must be some more . . . Leave the untried dumps alone!

CARLOTTA NILLSON TO RETURN

I HEAR that CARLOTTA NILLSON may return to the stage soon in a new play now being prepared for her. The absence from the stage of this great favorite of a decade ago has been a matter of surprise to all followers of the theatre. One of America's finest actresses, she abandoned the footlights long before her time and even yet Broadway will quickly see her to be still possessed of loveliness and charm.

Vaudeville becomes increasingly interested in the capital reviews of its art by BLAND JOHANESON, which are appearing every month in THEATRE. I am amused to hear the critic being spoken of as "he." As a matter of fact, Bland Johanneson is a young woman and an exceedingly feminine one at that.

The Pulitzer Committee, which is to award the prize for the best play of the season, is comprised this year of Professor WILLIAM LYON PHELPS of Yale University, OWEN JOHNSON, the playwright, and CLAYTON HAMILTON, the dramatic critic. With that line-up, I look rather for the nomination of *The Fool* as the year's prize-winner, though if Hamilton had his say, I should not be surprised to find *The Adding Machine* get it.

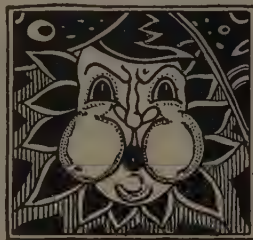
GLENN ANDERS, after making a sufficient fortune to purchase with the proceeds of his long run in *The Demi-Virgin* a farm in California which he never sees, has now gone into vaudeville in a headline sketch written for himself.

I hear that TALLULAH BANKHEAD has made a *succès fou* in London. She is appearing in the leading rôle of Gerald du Maurier's new play, *The Dancer*, and has an unusual opportunity in the part to display her several stage talents which include dancing, singing and impersonation. I rather thought that Tallulah would be a great success on the other side. She has a quality of Yankee audacity and beauty combined with a smartness and breeding that would make her especially desirable in belted Earl circles. ETHEL KELLY writes that no American girl has ever made so immediate and overwhelming a London hit.

THEATRE GUILD'S BIRTHDAY DINNER

EDWIN R. WOLFE, who managed many Theatre Guild productions, is in Paris organizing an American repertoire company to do English plays there. Speaking of the Theatre Guild reminds me of its clever plan of luring all the New York critics and financiers to its birthday dinner only then to pop upon them the new plan for a theatre of its own. The one regrettable feature of the event was that the guests were bored to death by the endless and windy speeches. The recent "high-art" phase which the Guild has entered in the matter of its productions does not strike me as auspicious financially.

So the Hippodrome is to go! The large land-mark in Sixth Avenue between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets will lower its last curtain in a few weeks and the mermaids and diving belles will doubtless be consigned to the carnivals as authentic souvenirs of the world's biggest playhouse. The Hip has been losing money steadily. It cracked under the strain of war and has never recovered, due largely to the fact that its initial great successes, under the management of Thompson & Dundy and the Shuberts, may be ascribed to their novelty. An hotel is to go up in its place and I dare say in another year or so the S. R. O. sign will be on the premises!



Talking of the Hippodrome, MURDOCK PEMBERTON, its press agent, in an effort to build some business, ran an amusing ad in the Sunday papers the other day, which was something of a gibe at the present popularity of the Russian players that Mr. GEST brought over. It read:

SIXTH AVENUE ART THEATRE
Otherwise known as
THE HIPPODROMSKI
Presents: *Better Timesovitch*
A Typical Moscow cast of 1,000
No English spoken by the ballet.

I doubt that the ad helped much to boost business. This sort of "copy" is amusing to the profession, but means nothing to the layman.

For the shrewd set of men they are, theatrical managers are singularly short-sighted. It was their stupid obstinacy in refusing to grant certain demands made by the Actors' Equity Association that brought in the paralyzing strike a few years ago. The power the Equity gained by that strike led to affiliation with labor and may very soon result in what is called the Equity Shop, another way of saying "Closed Shop."

MANAGERS' INEXPLICABLE INDISCRETION

HOW, with censorship in the air and a fierce spirit of repression sweeping the land, intelligent managers like the SELWYNS permit a piece of dramatic smut like *The God of Vengeance* into one of their theatres, thereby inviting justifiably the imprecations of the righteous and arming the case for the prosecution with more than effective ammunition—passes all understanding. ARTHUR SCHNITZLER'S *Reigen*, which the Green Room Club was practically forbidden by the Vice Society to put on, is a church anthem compared to *The God of Vengeance*. It at least deals with normality.

It is hard to realize that the youthful and débonair FRANK CASE, who presides over the theatrical profession's favorite luncheon place, is the father of a strapping girl old enough to assume the position of dramatic editor of *Vanity Fair*, which she has recently done. And while speaking of editors, our own ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR., who for some months has been co-editor of *THEATRE* with his father, has left us flat and gone to assume the post of Assistant Managing Director for CHARLES FROHMAN, Inc.

A great many names are being bandied about in the paean of praise that greets the success of the Moscow Art Theatre in New York, but one that is least mentioned—and yet is that of the man whose work is

accountable to a large degree for the result achieved—is OLIVER M. SAYLER. Sayler went to Russia, saw the Muscovites and in his fine book on the Russian Theatre and in a number of splendid articles in the magazines and newspapers, laid the ground work for a national appreciation in this country of STANISLAVSKY'S art. Incidentally, Sayler is making a great deal of money out of his books of versions of the plays being presented here.

THE RUSSIANS EXTEND THEIR TOUR

WHO can say the Soviet Government is antagonistic to art or indifferent to foreign opinion? Stanislavsky and his troupe will not Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago are to be the first visited with, permitted to bring their dramatic treat to the larger American cities. Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago are to be the first visited with perhaps, journeys beyond those. The New York engagement of the company will, it is estimated, gross a half million dollars.

There has been talk for some time of the return to this country of ELEANORA DUSE in a new repertoire. Coming with the right plays and under the right auspices the famous Italian tragedienne ought to do a big business, but it is extremely doubtful if she will be able to organize an American tour. There are several obstacles in the way. Firstly, the question of financing the engagement. The actress has no money of her own and attempts to interest capital on this side of the big pond have not so far been successful. Another difficulty is the fact that Duse can play only on alternate nights. That is to say, her physical strength does not permit her to give more than three or at most four performances a week. Then again, she would make a big appeal to those of her own countrymen whose means only permit them to patronize the gallery and its not easy these days of modern theatre construction to find theatres with galleries big enough to take care of this class.

Broadway is to lose the ASTAIRES, for a time at least. Fred and Adele have sailed for London, where they are to appear in ALEX AARON'S forthcoming production of FRED JACKSON'S musical piece, *For Goodness' Sake*. The show is the same as was seen here last year, but the Astaires will be the only American members of the cast.

HARTLEY POWER had an amusing experience in Stamford when *Pasteur* had its initial performance there. In addition to playing one of the students, Power was cast in the rôle of one of the savants of the Academy of Medicine who sit among the audience during the famous Academy scene and jeer the great chemist as he unfolds his theories on spontaneous generation. As Power started to cry out, a lady sitting in front of him turned violently about and demanded, "Are you drunk?" It was only after the scene disclosed a number of similar violent disturbers planted throughout the house that the lady could be convinced.

THE DONNELLY-SHELDON COLLABORATION

DOROTHY DONNELLY and EDWARD SHELDON are still in the throes of making ready the play they have concocted together. When it finally comes to light it will be Sheldon's first in many years, if one omits to include his adaptation of *The Czarina*.

MASSAGUER, the Cuban caricaturist, has developed a fondness for New York which is about to make him lift his Cuban anchor and take up a permanent residence on Broadway. He will attempt to run his Havana periodical, *Social*, at a distance, while contributing to American magazines and periodicals, *THEATRE MAGAZINE*, of course, included.

When *Sally* opened in London, GUY BOLTON and CLIFFORD GRAY, authors of the book and lyrics respectively, were requested by the management to follow the usual course of taking a bow. At the conclusion of the second act GEORGE GROSSMITH, who was the star, was called upon for a speech and somebody sent in frantic haste for BOLTON and GRAY to appear with him. Hesitant beyond words, the two nervous Americans were shoved on to the stage in full glare of the footlights. GROSSMITH, hearing the noise of their entrance, turned around casually to see who it was and then just as casually resumed his speech, ignoring them completely. The two stood together in some sort of shy terror waiting for something to happen, until finally Bolton whispered to Gray, "For God's sake, shake hands with me." Thereupon the two solemnly shook hands and retreated in great disorder, while Grossmith went on serenely with his speech!



Photo Cecil

TRINI

*Another Spanish Beauty—This Time from Barcelona—Whose Dancing
Has Found Unusual Favor with Recent Winter Garden Audiences*

THE TWO-A-DAY

BLAND JOHANESON'S REVIEW OF THE VIRTUES AND VILLAINIES OF VAUDEVILLE



ORGIES of sentimental invocation attend every new venture in the field of big time vaudeville. Drums are beaten before the vanguard tents of the importation. Thick gush is poured over the heads of the artists (*toujours*, the "artists"). Mr. Walter Kingsley's flowery effulgences of Paterian rhetoric, purported to be interviews with Sophie Tucker or Pallenburg's Bears, are dispatched to the dailies. Wretched and uncomfortable vaudevillians are forced to be amusing at luncheon with six columnists in the Hotel Algonquin.

The patron who subsequently visits the box office must feel a little sheepish in proffering a paltry dollar for all this personal favor and condescension from the V. M. P. A., so skillfully is the spirit of exalted expectancy aroused in the entire land. The customer has been made acutely conscious that were it not for this group of altruists he might be forced to watch his soft-shoe dancers in a haze of sawdust and from behind a barrage of beer-steins. He is made to feel that the British court is in mourning because he has the Duncan sisters, and that the Restaurant Wivel has been naught but dull despair since Copenhagen lost the Danoise acrobats.

Such methods are highly successful, like all honest bunk. But they do not becloud the truth that one-half of vaudeville is mediocre entertainment. Vaudeville is not art, any more than the commercial legitimate, the motion pictures, Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey's Combined Shows. Consequently, to talk about vaudeville in terms of art is mad, and to talk about it in terms of criticism is impossible. Vaudeville has no standards. Judgments of it can be based only on such conditions: Is this entertaining or dull, finished or crude, in good or bad taste? On the rare occasions when an act succeeds in being completely artistic, it has happened more by accident than by design.

WHILE there is little art in vaudeville there is much skill in it, and there is always an intelligent following for unusual skill in any line. Hazel Moran, in a madras blouse with the sleeves rolled up, is a greater artist spinning eighty-five feet of rope than any one of the young women who come out in black spangles to sing the aria from *Il Trovatore* very badly. There is more art in George Rockwell's bunch of banana hoke comedy than in the dreadful scenic effects suggesting a sanity reaction of Paul Gauguin used by certain jazz-bands to illustrate "*The Dreamy South Sea Islands*." There is more art in the low vulgarisms of Lewis and Dody than in the attempts of classic dancers to interpret a great dope drama with a green spot on them, while the male morphomaniac whips out a spangled bludgeon and knocks his charming partner for a graceful ghou.

TWO more intelligent attempts to be artistic have been made recently. One, probably unconditionally successful, Ned Wayburn's presentation of a series of Ben Ali Haggin tableaux, posed by beautiful Ziegfeld girls. The emotional cenobites might call this exhibition of stark beauty pretty dull variety entertainment, but for a demonstration of sustained immobility there is artistry and loveliness here not found in the careful posturing of the plaster Dianas made up with white tights and powdered perukes.

Then we have had the serious and thoughtful effort of Joseph Howard and Ethlyn Clark to translate into American Balieff's *Chauve-Souris*. The Russian vaudeville was more subtle, more artistic, more finished and more fashionable. It had the most gracious lights and the most amusing scenery and a background of flamboyant success in Paris, where the varieties are villainous, and in London, where the music-halls are only slightly better. It was smart and it was sophisticated.

An entirely fitting person to enroll in the Russian school was Mr. Howard, who, you will remember, celebrated the petty inconstancies in "*I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*," back in the days before the maternal influence was so acutely felt in vaudeville ballads. Miss Clark has a pretty voice and a talent for effective dress. James J. Norton is fully as funny as Balieff, whose casual introductions of the special scenes he imitated.

But the limitations of the vaudeville stage itself and of the available supporting performers made the Howard-Clark revue an offering of unseemly pretensions. And the spectacle of Mr. Howard, himself, a middle-aged and portly person, arrayed in magnificent white satin breeches in the grand finale, dulled whatever polished effects he may have achieved in the scenes preceding. More than magenta gelatine slides is needed to stamp "class" on a theatre in which Oklahoma Bob Albright, the tenor, is permitted such priceless liberties as—"Well, he said to Dan and I in the dressing-room—"

THE craze for crude and stupid monkey-business in which actors interrupt other acts and indulge in extemporaneous clowning has been the conspicuous feature of the past winter's vaudeville. Pat Rooney started it long ago. Joe Cook for several years surprised his audience by working with the Alexander Brothers and Evelyn. The Wheelers, Mandels, Owen McGiveney and Dotson, a dark-skinned dancing-man, have gotten away with a silly and often disgusting after-piece as one of the outstanding successes of the season. And now it is the fashionable thing for singers and dancers to cut into musical acts, and comedians to be fed by whatever members of their club are on the bill with them.

Most of this business falls flat. Few persons are gifted with sufficient spontaneous wit to stand up and be amusing without a scenario or a rehearsal. But modesty is not one of the strongest characteristics of our vaudeville artists. They seem utterly shameless in their assurance. Hence we have so many singing-girls stepping out at the close of a band act and saying coyly to the director, "Mister, may (no, can) I sing in your band?" The director lies like a gentleman and says she can. Then the young lady plugs a song for some firm or other. I have seen Ruth Royce, a capable enough coon-shouting young woman, utterly destroy forty minutes of Vincent Lopez' work by such methods. And every band director stands for these sudden additions to his brasses.

Of all the darlings of the silver screen in vaudeville, Bessie Barriscale, Mildred Harris, Jean Acker Valentino, Valeska Suratt, only Louise Lovely seems to have an intelligent idea of what she can contribute to the music-halls. Innocuous sketches provide the others with opportunities to wear pretty clothes and play the completely irresistible, but Miss Lovely gives the movie-fans a bit of an authentic movie-studio, and potential Merton of the neighborhood a chance to be shot with her in some dramatic incident. The most sophisticated following might scorn such transparent tactics in paralyzing the boobs, but Miss Lovely's playlet is for the same element which is supposed to be taken in by the piping songs and labored dances of her fair and flickering sisterhood, on whose performances the coach veneer shines shamelessly.

AMONG the droves of child impersonators in vaudeville at present there is one whose impersonation bears the mark of authority, observation, sympathy and humor,—Tom Patricola. He burlesques that desperately trying child, a simple one, at such an early age that it still experiences an eerie glee in dropping things for others to pick up, a totally unbalanced infant misdirecting its efforts. A child of the old Chicago music-halls, Patricola is so wild in this folly he seems almost like one of the whimsical clowns of classic romance, who didn't really exist at all, but faded away after each performance to be reconjured from the air only by the odor of frying sausages. But he is a real fellow with a mind as quaint and *bizarre* as his talent—one of those real artists of the two-a-day who make vaudeville worth while.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

**MARION and MADELEINE
FAIRBANKS**

The exquisite, flower-like beauty of these dancing children, favorites of a wide public since their first appearance in motion pictures as "the Tannhauser Twins," having graced the Music Box Revue all winter, now becomes a refreshing item in Keith vaudeville.

EDYTHE BAKER

An ingenious pianist known to audiences of the *Ziegfeld Follies*, the Century Roof and Winter Garden for unique classic-to-syncopated piano-logues. She appeared first in Keith houses with Harry Fox, is self-taught musically, writes her own songs and has just completed the score of a musical comedy which she calls "Little Miss Muffet."



PIQUANT ENTERTAINERS OF THE HALLS

The Charm of Fragility is Here Combined With the Gift of a Delightful Virtuosity

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE

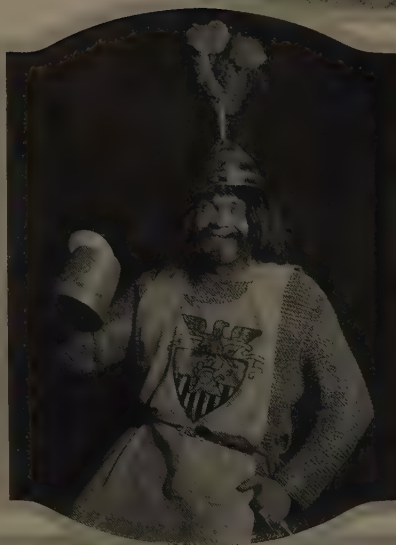


(Left) Scene from the first act of the West Point play, *If Dreams Came True*, presented by the Dialectic Society under the direction of Mr. Harry Piani. Cadets Dan Chandler, Paschal Ringsdorf, Waldemar F. Broidster, and Vincent P. O'Reilly are seen in the principal rôles.

(Below) In which cadet William Kost out-Gilda Gilda Gray, in a South Sea Island number, with a background of dusky warriors and wives of the warrior-chief. The warriors: Cadets Moon, Kessinger, Kuniholm, Reynolds, Saltzman and Scovel. The wives: Cadets Johnson, Bradley, McHugh, Farmlly, Oliver and Cureton.



(Right) Last year's Army Football Captain, Waldemar F. Broidster, dons the armor of a medieval baron—"Lord Deliverus"—in the Hundredth Night Show, *If Dreams Came True*.



(Below) The Dance of the Cooks, suggested by the Dance of the Wooden Soldiers in the *Chauve-Souris*, with cadet Sanford Goodman as Louie, the chief cook, at the extreme right, and his assistant cooks, cadets Howard, Riggins, Ritchie, Stewart and Watson.

Our Future Generals Become Play Producers for a Night

TRADITION—West Point tradition—says that Hundredth Night must always be the occasion for a show, and if you were a cadet at Uncle Sam's Military Academy you would enthusiastically second the motion that "a hundred nights 'til June" is, indeed, an occasion on which to be glad and merry.

This year's Hundredth Night play, presented by the Dialectic Society, was an original musical comedy in two dreams, written by cadets Frank Dorn and Kenner Hertford. The music was written by Lieut. Egnor and cadets Paul Wolf, Paschal Ringsdorf, M. L. Voedisch and M. Henry Cleary, while the lyrics were the work of cadets Paul Wolf, Frank Albrecht, Paschal Ringsdorf, M. K. Voedisch and M. Henry Cleary.

The play concerns the nightmares of two cadets following an over-indulgence in the favorite West Point staple—prunes! The first cadet is transported in his slumbers to a mediaeval castle, where after thrilling adventures, he is about to be decapitated when the curtain falls. The final act finds the second cadet in a cannibal district of darkest Africa. He becomes enamored of a voluptuous princess, and just as disaster and the soup pot are about to claim him, he is rescued by the sound of reveille and awakening. In order to appeal to the risibilities of the corps for whom the show is primarily intended, local color is essential, and the play accordingly takes many humorous flings at the vicissitudes and joys of life at West Point.

We suggest—future wars might easily be obviated by the simple process of inviting the enemy to a West Point Hundredth Night show, where they would just naturally laugh themselves to death, at the wit and talent of our budding generals!



The Amateur's Green Room

ONE of the interesting sidelights on the Theatre today, is the fact that not a few of the popular and successful young men and women on the professional stage are recruits from our colleges, to say nothing of the playwrights and producers who have come to the fore during the past few years.

Undergraduate talent and wit have been responsible for many fine musical productions, notably those of the Princeton Triangle Club, The Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania, the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club, the Mimes of the University of Michigan, and others which we may not mention for lack of space, while all the prominent colleges and many of the smaller institutions have made important contributions to the serious drama, in their play-producing experiments.

College dramatic activities now take in all the allied arts of the Theatre; acting, playwriting, musical composition, stage setting, the most advanced methods of lighting, and costume design, in fact all the arts that contribute to playmaking, whether a musical comedy or a legitimate play.

This initial training in the mechanics of the Theatre is the impetus that starts the college man or woman on a professional career, and thus splendidly equipped with an expert knowledge of the Theatre in all its intricacies, is it to be wondered at, that recognition and success on the professional stage is quickly theirs.

THE MASSACHUSETTS "TECH SHOW"

FOR twenty-five years the "Tech show" has been an annual feature of college life at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and each year the preparation of their musical show has signalized a rallying of the students. Six hundred undergraduates took part in their latest production, *The Sun Temple*, by Thomas Boeke, a Junior in Electrical Engineering, who incorporated the results of a study of Aztec customs and architecture in his book, which concerns the adventures of a party of American tourists, in the mountains of Mexico, and their encounters with bandits and Aztec Indians.

The production, music and lyrics, was entirely undergraduate effort, the students in the Architectural School working out the costumes, scenery and posters. The keen interest and rivalry among the students for the honor of an accepted play was evidenced in the number of manuscripts submitted, thirty scenarios having been read before a final choice was made.

MIMES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE Mimes, an all-campus dramatic society, is one of the outstanding college groups that have made notable contributions to the progress of amateur dramatics. For the past seventeen years they have

given an annual musical comedy, and the lavishness and artistry of these productions, which are characterized by exquisite costumes and the most advanced ideas in stage setting and lighting, places them on an almost professional level.

Although they are best known for their musical plays, the Mimes have gone in for plays of a more serious nature since the opening of their playhouse, which it is interesting to mention, is complete in every department, boasting a fine lighting equipment.

Shortly after the completion of their playhouse, they produced several short dramas and vaudeville sketches, as well as full length plays, among others *The Thir-*

teen Chair, and this year they are planning to bring before the University body, Galsworthy's *Justice* and other plays of value and interest.



Two Massachusetts "Tech" men in a scene from their latest musical comedy, *The Sun Temple*, to which they gave an unusually interesting Spanish setting.

The Mimes organization is composed entirely of men who are noted for their particularly fine female impersonations. "Our handsomest women are men," is one of their slogans.

THE "MASQUERS" OF AMHERST COLLEGE

SINCE the "Masquers" were organized in 1881, forty-three years ago, it has been their custom to give at least one play every year, and they have included several long plays, some original musical comedies and numerous one-act plays.

More recently the "Masquers" have

been confining their efforts almost entirely to one-act plays, not only the works of the leading playwrights, but of undergraduates as well, and in the production of these plays, the sets, lighting effects and costumes have been executed by members of the organization.

The "Masquers" have made out-of-town trips to New York and Montclair, and last year during the Christmas vacation a group of one-act plays: *Brothers*, by Lewis Beach; *A Guest for Dinner*, and *The Angel Intrudes*, by Floyd Dell, were presented in Binghamton, N. Y., and Pittsburgh, Pa. Among the better plays which they gave last year were *The Rising of the Moon*; *The Glittering Gate*; *A Night at an Inn*; and *The Golden Doom*.

And in conjunction with the dramatic associations of Smith College and Mt. Holyoke College, they produced *The Devil's Disciple*; *The Very Naked Boy*; *The Proposal*; and *Ile*.

Much of the recent success of the "Masquers" was due to the work of their former dramatic coach, Everett Glass, who is now directing the productions of the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, Cal. And speaking of Mr. Glass—if you liked the clown on the February cover of THEATRE MAGAZINE, you will be interested to know that it was the work of Mr. Glass, who is also an artist, and that he took for his subject, J. C. Estey, class of 1922, who played the leading part in the "Masquers'" production of *Bonds of Interest*.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN HARESFOOT DRAMATIC CLUB

OUT in the New Yorker's west, where the easterner sends his son and daughter to pass the four years between preparatory school and life, is the University of Wisconsin, noted for its democratic tone, and liberal education, but advertised and praised for the activity of its leading dramatic organization, the Haresfoot Club, which each year produces an extravaganza in the primary middlewest cities.

Haresfoot was started in 1898 when the club produced an original play, *The Professor's Daughter*, written by J. F. A. Pyre, now on the Wisconsin faculty and brother of Walton Pyre, one of the founders of the organization and now head of the Walton Pyre School of Dramatic Expression.

Each year since that early date the club has produced a play and in 1909, coincident with the Princeton Triangle Club and the Mask and Wig of Pennsylvania, it entered the musical comedy field. From that time on the club has continued uninterruptedly, except for one war year, to produce musical comedies written by alumni and students, using men for all feminine rôles from ingenue to broilers. Out of this period came the club's motto, "All our Girls are Men, and Everyone a Lady."

Many prominent actors on the professional stage are members of the Haresfoot Club and have taken part in its work. Otis Skinner, now touring in *Blood and Sand*, is an active and interested member



(Above): Lionel ("Mike") Ames, the vampish leading "lady" in *In and Out*, the 18th annual offering of the Mimes of the University of Michigan Union, Ann Arbor.

(Right): C. Lamar Brace, Donald Bacome, and Loren S. Gannon, in the *Maid of the Mill* number in *In and Out*.

of the club. He has been connected with Haresfoot since 1903, when he toured the country in Boker's *Francesca da Rimini* with Aubrey Boucicault who also is a member. Sydney Ainsworth, former Goldwyn star and legitimate actor, took many parts in early Haresfoot productions.

Herbert Stothart, associated with Oscar Hammerstein II, in musical comedy production, and composer of the music for *Tickle Me* and *Daffy Dill* and other successful musical comedies, was, while a student at Wisconsin, the writer of several Haresfoot musical comedies, some of which were later given a professional run.

Of the younger men now appearing in legitimate productions are Fred Bickel, who played with William Courtney in *The Lawbreaker*, and Howard Marsh who sings the tenor rôle in *Blossom Time*.

This year a play has already been written and will be shown in seven cities during the Easter holidays. The name of the production is to be *Kikmi*.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

THE *Sugar House*, a story of the New England woods, by Alice Brown, and the three-act comedy, *Be Calm, Camilla*, by Claire Kummer, were presented at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, by the senior class of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, as the fifth matinee this season. This is the oldest dramatic school in existence in America.

SALIDA—HOME OF AWAKENED TALENTS

DORIS KEANE has never played *Romance* in Salida. Neither has the Chicago Opera Company sung *Monna Vanna* there. But, none the less, the people of this little town in Colorado are as familiar with Edward Sheldon's play about the beautiful Rita Cavallini as if they had attended its New York premiere, and they know the musical score which Fevrier wrote for Maeterlinck's poetic drama, better perhaps, than many who have the advantage of living in a much larger city. And they know other plays and operas, too. And they are all amateurs, these members of the Salida Women's Club.

"Amateur—the lover—is a good name to deserve," says Joseph Lee, President of Community Service. "... We cannot be great artists in our avocations but in what strength we can give them we must do our best: the gods have never blessed half-hearted service." And these amateurs are true lovers of art, who give the community their best through their devotion to music and drama.



Photos Raymor Studios

Mr. Lee speaks elsewhere of the community, unaroused to a free expression of its creative and artistic instincts, as "the home of lost talents." Salida might well, then, be called "the home of awakened talents."

For this women's club has done wonderful things. When it was started, some ten years ago, through the vision and energy of Mrs. Frank M. Cochems, it set for itself a high ideal. "To develop the individual through the study of music, drama and other arts, and to promote these arts in the community."

There were many difficulties to overcome. The town is a small one, situated in the mining district in Colorado. Its population, about 500, is made up of Mexicans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Italians, Bohemians, Syrians, and other nationalities,

besides some native Americans. The street mornings, and evenings, are filled with strange jargon of tongues as the workers go to and from the big smelting works.

When the women's club first started there were no places of recreation except the saloon and the billiard parlor. After work the men and women chatted on the doorsteps or walked idly up and down the streets. The task of persuading these people to take part in the programs was what confronted the club. But the women accomplished it, their membership now comprising eighty-four active members, thirty-five associate members, both men and women, and an honorary list of six.

They have presented Josephine Peabody's *The Piper*, Augustus Thomas' *As a Man Thinks*, and Edward Sheldon's *Romance*, *The Return of Peter Grimm* by David Belasco and *The Unchastened Woman* by Louis Anspacher, as well as one-act plays by Galsworthy and others.

Not content with drama, the women have attempted the more difficult task of giving grand opera. A study of the opera of Mozart was made and *Don Giovanni*, *The Marriage of Figaro* and *The Magic Flute* were sung. The male rôles were all taken by women. But owing to the limitations of time on the part of the actors (who were for the most part, busy housewives) and to certain difficulties in scene shifting, only the most important parts were presented, when the longer and more difficult plays and operas were given. A reader filled the gap by reading aloud from the printed play or telling the story of what happened between scenes.

All this, it may be easily seen, contributed to each woman's breadth of appreciation of these arts and through the women, to the raising of the cultural tone of the town. I

(Continued on page 74)

(Below): Has Florenz Ziegfeld anything more striking to offer in the way of "show girls" than this impersonation by James A. Rice, one of the Mimes of the University of Michigan?



THE PROMENADE S. ANGELINA

She makes two for a Sunday afternoon at The Princess, dines late and dances early

HAVEMAN-23

MY Godchild is over here from Paris on a month's visit . . . He hasn't been back in two years and has become *tout à fait* Parisian in that time, his enthusiasm going to the lengths of believing Paris the only place in the world in which to live . . . I was afraid at first that we weren't going to be able to entertain him particularly . . . he had been doing so much that was interesting on the other side and going around with so many people of importance. But we did our utmost and it resulted in his saying that New York seemed wonderful, too . . . In fact, he repeated it so often that someone finally felt constrained to ask him if he thought New York so wonderful, what was he going back to Paris for? And he responded rather amusingly, we thought, "that he was going back to Paris to *relax!*" Incidentally he is taking Isadora Duncan's house for the season and Mother and I have been invited to come over and pay him a visit.

Mlle. George's "Hour"

I WAS able to do one thing especially worth while for the child which he said he enjoyed enormously . . . and that was to take him to Yvonne George's "Hour of Music" at the Princess Theatre on Sunday afternoon. The affair was a matter of invitation only, but the theatre was packed . . . people standing up in double rows in the back and such a smart audience . . . though limited mostly to those "understood" to understand French, since Mlle. George's program was confined to that tongue. . . In the audience were the beautiful Julia Hoyt. . . Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, you know. . . with an enormous brimmed hat that temporarily concealed her beauty. . . and the beautiful

Ethel Barrymore with a stunning-looking six-footer that was *not* Mackay Morris (and who the dickens was he then) . . . and John Murray Anderson and the one and only Bert Savoy, to represent the Greenwich Village Follies . . . though Henry Newman, leader of the Follies' orchestra, played Mlle. George's tricky accompaniments and did it delightfully too. . . There were actors from the Moscow Art Theatre and the Chauve-Souris and Balieff himself stood up at the end of the third row and introduced Mlle. George in his priceless French . . . as priceless as his English, *voyez-vous* . . .

COSTUMES ANCIENT AND MODERN

PRICELESS too were Mlle. George's songs and her delivery of them. . . A second Guilbert, everybody agreed. . . and with that same delicious method, like Guilbert's, of taking the audience into her confidence, of making an intimacy between the two . . . The three period-costumes of Mlle. George, down on the program as done by Peter Mayer, but designed originally by herself, as she told me afterwards, were enchanting. . . as was her modern frock. . . dark blue *moiré* with full skirt showing a facing of scarlet where it dipped up in front. . . in which "*plus à son aise*"—as she said with that ingratiating smile of hers—she sang the last numbers. We all went round afterwards to congratulate her on her success. . . and the God-child kissed her hand in approved Continental fashion and added his tribute. Whereupon Mlle. George was persuaded to come with us to a small dinner party Tubby was giving . . . adding a duck of a bonnet, little blue flowers over the whole surface of a toque shape, to her blue *moiré* frock . . . She was wearing an unusual pair of earrings . . . long drops of turquoise beads, with a silver bell shaped like a flower as the middle link, over which she made us laugh at dinner. "I have the bell, you see", she said, speaking English (which she has learned most rapidly) "so that if I am lost I can find myself again. I say, 'Yvonne, where are you?' and then I shake my head, like this, and *me voilà*, there I am again" . . . As Tubby said, "Yvonne, you're adorable!"

TUBBY'S SECRET

AFTER dinner we went dancing at the Knickerbocker Grill . . . and then it was Tubby's turn to amuse us with an accessory to *his* costume . . . Tubby, you must know, is an indefatigable dancer . . . It's only on the rarest occasions that he wants to sit through a dance . . . And yet no matter how late the party, nor how warm the evening, his linen, especially his collar, always stays spick and span as when he first started out . . . Though I've known him for years he's always been just the same.

"How do you do it, Tubby?" I teased

. . . And everyone at the table chimed in with, "Yes, Tubby, do tell us. We'll keep your secret!"

And this is what he told us: Up to last year, it seems, he did have a little secret of his own for keeping himself in perpetual fresh-collared state. It was no more nor less than wrapping underneath his left silk sock two clean starched collars. The sock held them anchored in place, and his trouser leg concealed them. As soon as the collar round his neck began to melt he went to the dressing-room and changed to the fresh collar round his ankle, thus "re-laying" an immaculate appearance as long as he danced.

Tubby, how perfectly delicious! What an adorable idea, we all cried . . . But you said, 'you used to' . . . What do you do now?

"Oh, now," said Tubby, "that's been too simple for a year . . . ever since that new collar, that what-its-name, was invented."

"What do you mean? What new collar? What is its name?" cried all the men.

"You don't mean to say that you don't know . . . you don't mean to say that you don't wear them," cried Tubby in his turn.



In Rita Coventry, Dorothy Francis had this trick of wearing her pearl bracelet, which is both decorative, and ingenious for making a necklace fit the wrist.

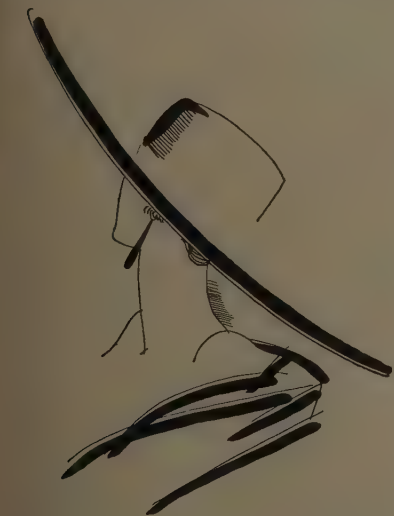
"What a benighted bunch! I must confess when I'm out with beautiful women I never pay much attention to anything else, but I took it for granted that every civilized man today wore these collars, especially for dancing."

"You keep on boasting about your old collar," said somebody, "but you don't tell us anything . . . Why is it so wonderful? Prove it!"

"Well, in the first place," said Tubby, "take a good look at it. It has a smart cut, hasn't it?"

"Oh, particularly good, Tubby," chorused all the women. "We were noticing it. It isn't so stiff and shiny . . . it looks soft . . . and that makes it more becoming

(Continued on page 74)



Mrs. Lydig Hoyt of *Rose Briar* showed the mode of Paris at Mlle. George's recital in her large hat of cartwheel brim.



Are capes still being worn, women ask. The answer to which is that they are if they're smart, and the proof thereof lies right here in Miss Mansfield's cape of imported black and white wool plaid, collared with coney and lined with purple georgette. The soft wool and straw hat is in colors to match.



Rodier materials for the spring are as unusual and as lovely as ever, and one could hardly find a more eloquent combination for a suit than a Dobbs cut, a Rodier check, and Miss Martha Mansfield as model. Miss Mansfield's hat is of imported silk in Roman stripes and the scarf matches it.

F A S H I O N

As Interpreted by
the Actress

Sport Models from Dobbs



Where ideas are copied broadcast as quickly as they are today it becomes increasingly difficult to obtain exclusiveness for a model. But in such a frock as this—worn by Janet Megrew—a white silk jersey handpainted in charming soft tones of navy blue, all the exclusiveness that matters, that is to say the exclusiveness of smart people, would be secure as long as the frock lasts. The accompanying hat is of leghorn with a crown of faille silk.

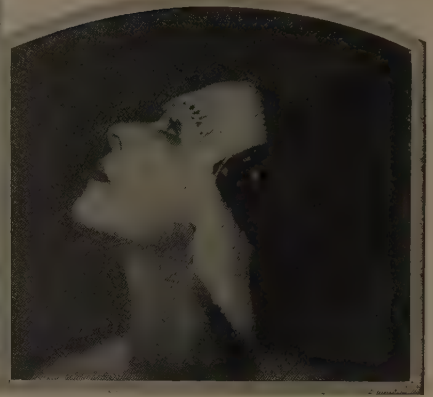
Alfred Cheney Johnston



From London comes this bob with its bandeau of gayly colored fruits. Our popular American Peggy O'Neill, now playing at the Theatre Royal, is its owner and the picture would indicate that England still approves of the bob.



Probably the newest development in head-dressing is the supplementing of one's natural tresses, whether short or long, with braids or bands of hair, and Nita Naldi proves how becoming a crown of braids may be.



One of the most amusing features of Dagmar was the many things that Nazimova did with her gorgeous dark bob. With a black velvet evening frock she concealed it under a head-dress of black jet and pearls.

SEVEN SMART WAYS FROM STAGE AND SCREEN OF WEAR- ING THE HAIR



White

Nothing is too extravagant an accompaniment for the modern negligée, not even a Russian mannered head-dress of pearls touched off with black, which Jetta Goudal—seen with Lillian Gish in the picture version of *The Bright Shawl*—has in her wardrobe.

Leone Morgan in *Anything Might Happen* at the Comedy Theatre has this softening method of wearing a silver ribbon to match a silver ribbon girdle on an orchid chiffon frock.

(Below) This is Edith Day's way of framing her oval contour and Spanish eyes. Incidentally the smooth close coiffure is very smart.



Goldberg

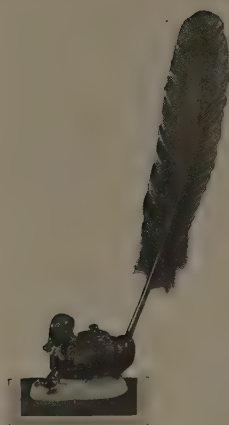
If you wish to keep your bob for sport and daytime, Rose Burdick of *It Is the Law* shows you how it can be wound for dress occasions with flat bands of artificial hair making a more formal coiffure.



White



White



For Miss Markey's desk there will be this French chicken inkwell in bright yellow porcelain with a yellow plume pen for his tail. Price \$5.

SHOPPING WITH ENID MARKEY

FOR TOUCHES THAT ADD

TO THE SUMMER BUNGALOW



Enid Markey of *Barnum Was Right* has been picking up one or two inexpensive but rather individual little objects for her summer bungalow in the Berkshires near Lenox—we approved her taste—and here they are.



These sagacious and care-free animals of Normandy ware in soft tones of greys and yellows and browns fit charmingly into the atmosphere of a summer cottage. They are about $3\frac{1}{2}$ x 2 inches and are to be used as salts and peppers, or as ashtrays for a bridge table. The happy-go-lucky elephant is \$2.50; the blasé pig, \$1.50; the firm-minded donkey, \$2.50.



For the open fire in her big hearth, or for motor picnics Miss Markey picked up this captivating extension toasting fork in brass with nickel prongs. Closed it measures 12 inches and extended 21. Price \$3.



Hearth brooms, though practical should be gay, says Miss Markey, so here are three. A witch's broom, the handle bound in colored raffia (yellow, blue or lavender) at \$2.50; a hearth broom, ditto, to match, \$1.50; a green flannel duck-headed whisk, \$2.

SHOPPING INSTRUCTIONS

The THEATRE MAGAZINE will gladly buy and have shipped any article shown on this page. Make your money order or check payable to the THEATRE MAGAZINE.



"The Cat and the Canary" in white porcelain make an eminently suitable pair of salt and peppers for anyone connected with or interested in the stage. Price \$2.25.

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presents his new creation

PARFUM

"EMERAUDE,"

*Fragrant expression of
modernity—the new in
art, in music—symbol of
the new type of woman,
her individuality, her
strength, her power.
"Emeraude" is loveliest
when the soft warmth
of the flesh has brought
out its fragrance.—*



COTY, INC.

Coty PREST

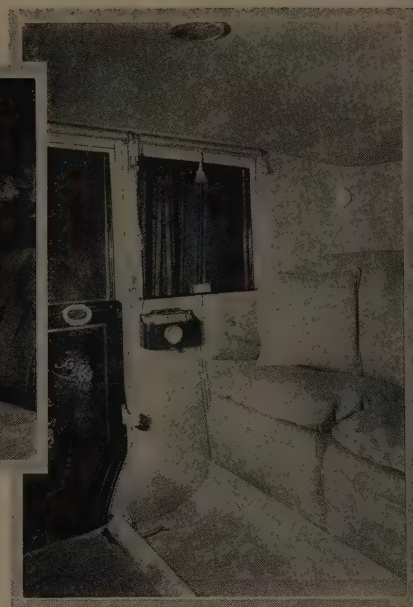
714 Fifth Avenue, New York



Herman Brunn, of Buffalo, builder of Edsal Ford's landaulette, built this car for himself. The arm rest or division in the centre of the seat is removable. Special figured wool cloth of green brown on a gray background was used for upholstering.



One of Berlin's most famous actresses motors in this car. Colored beads were used in embroidering the floral designs on the upholstery and head lining. Noticeable also is the overhead circular lighting arrangement. The car gives the superb effect of a salon on wheels.

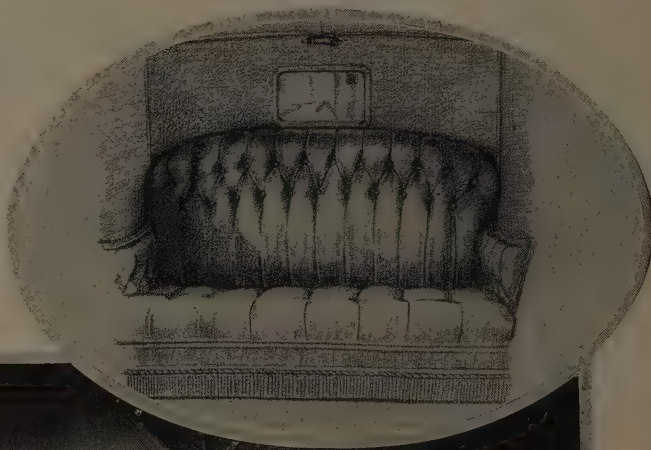


Interior of Billie Burke's town car. Drab broadcloth upholstery and head lining by Boyriven. Features are: supplementary seat cushions, solid ivory fittings, and inlaid mahogany woodwork. A Brooks-Ostruk creation.



Landaulette built for Edsal Ford. Upholstered in fine striped wool cloth of reddish hue, with a French Wilton carpet to match. Doors and seat panelled with broad lace, all by Boyriven. The interior metal fittings are silver-plated.

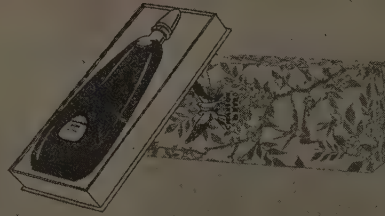
Sketch for interior of formal or square cornered cabriolet by LeBaron



Phaeton by LeBaron. Upholstered in snake grain leather of duo color tone matching the body color scheme. The eight-inch plaits and fully overstuffed style are noteworthy. Mahogany used throughout.

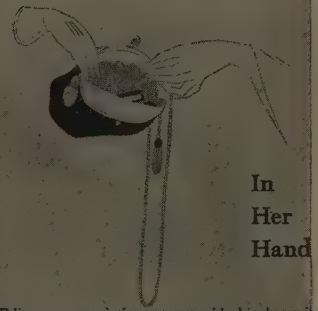
THE PRIDE OF CAR OWNERSHIP

Interiors of Some Automobiles de Luxe



Chanson d'Été
(Song of Summer)
Parfum Bouquet

THE songs of birds and the languor of summer are in its odor, the grace of a slender flower is in this bottle, of *verté amande* (leaf green). With its first faint coming, you will understand why la Princesse Troubetzkoy says: "Ca me fait grand plaisir de vous faire savoir ce que le Parfum Luyna me charme" (It is a delight to tell you how much I enjoy Parfum Luyna.) *En érin*, \$7.50. *En éral*, \$5.50.



In
Her
Hand

SHE lives on more intimate terms with this than with any else she owns. It contains the secrets of her heart, her own, and should not this above all other of her possessions? Wise is the woman whose bag, she opens, breathes of perfume. She it is who carries in her bag of cotton containing a few drops of CHANSON D'ÉTÉ.

PARFUMS

Chanson d'Été
Fleur Ardente
Maya
La Violette
La Mimosa
Iris Blanc
La Rose
Le Jasmin

POUDRES
SAVONS
CRÈMES
COMPACTS

The PERFUMES of PRINCESSES



So many American Ladies
have asked me this question

"How does the French lady use perfume? They seem to know so well how to use it."

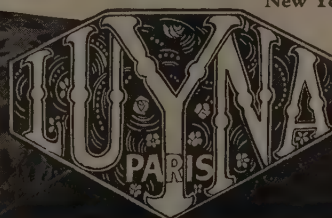
Maybe all American ladies would like to know the little artful ways of using perfume—as understood in the Parisian boudoir. So I have written a brochure which discloses these secrets intimes. It tells those things about perfume which every lady should know. You have only to ask my American representative for a copy.

Luyne

Shops Chosen to sell
Luyna Parfums

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La Violette



Le Jasmin

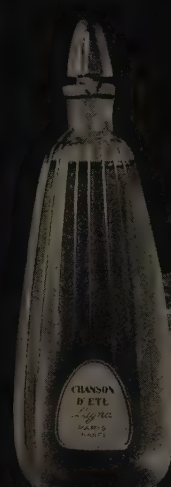
Among my noble patrons
known to Americans are

Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge	Comtesse de Montaigne
Princesse Troubetzkoy	Comtesse de Vaucluse
Comtesse Jean de Lubersac	Comtesse d'Hinnidat

"For nearly a Century"



Maya



Chanson d'Été

(Concluded from page 22)

law-court scene is dominated by a huge symbolic figure of Justice in the background, the ecclesiastical atmosphere of the convent is beautifully conveyed by a great stained glass window with light shining through it, the moonlight scene on the terrace is done in shades of lambent and brilliant blue, the duke's audience is all in the amber quality of yellow plush. It is these pictorial values which give the rather long-winded play its principal interest.

A CLOWN IN GOLD PAINT

ANDREYEV'S *He Who Gets Slapped* is a piece of long standing in the repertoire of the Pitoeffs. The single setting is strongly simplified, with a few essential properties and some vari-colored streamers to convey the circus atmosphere. Pitoeff's clown make-up of gold paint underlines the grotesque character of the rôle as he portrays it. The whole play is given with a sort of quiet and intense simplicity, except for the close which partakes of the qualities of the more conventionally theatrical death scene.

The atmosphere of Chesterton's *Magic*, with the mystic garden just beyond the portals and the glowing lamp appearing and disappearing as if by occult power, is created by simple and restrained methods, with no clap-trap and with a satisfying sense of the dignity of the subject as Chesterton presents it. To complete this bill the two Pitoeffs play Strindberg's *Miss Julie*, and this is perhaps the most balanced double acting achievement of their repertoire. Georges Pitoeff's well-rounded technique is equal to the transformations in Strindberg's *Valet*—from suave servility to brutal dominance and back into cringing inferiority. Ludmilla Pitoeff portrays clearly the flamboyant sensuality of the Duke's daughter, with the collapse

into hysterical weakness and dependence at the end.

But it is in the plays of Tchekoff that the acting and staging ideas of Pitoeff combine with the most complete harmony. The cumulative and crushing effect of details insignificant in themselves, the tremendous weight of the quiet, unexpectacular moments of life, the simple, unpretentious essentially tragic scenes of a bourgeois household, as set forth by Tchekoff, are ideally realized by this intellectually and artistically honest company. The slow naturalistic, but terrible progression of events in the *Sea Gull* is presented with quiet intensity. And *Uncle Vania* is probably the best of the Pitoeff productions. The stifling boredom of life, the ironies of misplaced loves, the futility of rebellion, all seem to have soaked into every detail of the staging and into every tone and movement of the actors. The settings—a garden with pale, slim, pinkish tree trunks and a semi-circular picket fence, not too obviously symbolical; a dining room with the depths in shadow and a light shining down over a white table cloth; a salon with high gray draperies and two crimson screens; a work room with dull walls and desks and green lamp shades—all are in exact key.

TO WIDEN HIS FIELD

WITH the record of a season so diversified and so important experimentally, to his credit, there seems every indication that Georges Pitoeff will continue to be a force for the advancement of the French theatre. It is announced that next year he will undertake the remodeling of the stage at the *Comédie Champs Elysées* to suit the needs of an enlarged repertoire. It is to be hoped that America will have an opportunity of judging this repertoire in the near future.

THEY WANT TO KNOW

Q.: A few months ago you published excerpts from *Kempy* in THEATRE MAGAZINE. What number of the magazine was it in?

A.: M. L. M., Iowa

A.: A condensation of *Kempy* appeared in our issue for October, 1922. Copies can be supplied.

Q.: When was *Camille* first performed in America and what American actresses have been identified with the rôle?

A.: The title part has been played here by Matilda Heron (1856); Clara Morris (1874); Modjeska (1878); Fanny Davenport, Lotta Linthicum, Margaret Fuller, Marie Wainwright, Ada Gray, and in more recent years by Olga Nethersole, Nance O'Neil and Ethel Barrymore.

Q.: Where was Mrs. Patrick Campbell born and in what play did she make her début on the stage?

A.: She was born in England and after some experience as an amateur

actress made her professional début in 1888 at Liverpool in a play called *Bachelors*.

Q.: In what issues of THE THEATRE have you published interviews with or articles about Ethel Barrymore? Can I get the issues at your office and at what price? In what Miss Barrymore now appearing?

A.: An interview with Ethel Barrymore was published in our July, 1922 issue. It may be ordered from the office at forty cents per copy. Miss Barrymore is now playing in *The Laughing Lady* at the Longacre Theatre, this city.

Q.: Will Maudé Adams be seen upon the stage this season and if so what will she play?

A.: Miss Adams is not expected to return to the theatre for some time. She is at present more interested in motion pictures, working on new lighting devices for the screen.

Sheridan

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(Near 35th Street)
NEW YORK

WOMENKIND'S unerring instinct for whatever is new, charming and correct in dress, has made and maintained Sheridan's as Fifth Avenue's favorite shop.

The evening gown illustrated here is made of Gold colored Gros de Londre, with Gold Metal Lace and Corsage. In all the season's favorite colors.

GOWNS AND MILLINERY

Street Afternoon Evening

Helena Rubinstein

World's Leading Exponent of Beauty

Introduces

Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream

TO CLEANSE, MASSAGE, NOURISH

In a Generous Jar at \$1.00

The Discovery

Twenty years ago, while I was making my annual arch of Europe for new beauty preparations for the fashionable clientele of my Paris and London salons, I was forcibly impressed with a recipe owned by a distinguished Viennese physician and skin specialist.

The Fabulous Offer

Even at that time I realized that this formula could be used to make a most wonderful cream to cleanse, soothe, massage and nourish. I immediately offered the Viennese specialist a fabulous sum for it; but he refused, being loathe to part with the precious recipe.

The Inspiration

Knowing the extraordinary qualities of this new cream, I was impelled by an irresistible desire that the great multitude of women of limited means should benefit by it. I determined to try to the utmost to secure the secret and make the cream accessible to women universally, regardless of their means.

Success at Last

I continued my efforts with increasing enthusiasm. At last, after twenty years, the owner of the recipe, being hard pressed for funds, accepted my offer, and I became sole possessor of the secret.

\$1.00 a Jar

I am now for the first time offering the new cream at \$1.00 for a generous jar. I am happy thus to be able to place it into the hands of the millions of women who have been using inferior and unsatisfactory creams and who cannot afford my higher-priced Valaze Preparations.

A Significant Name

I have named my new preparation Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream. The most rigorous purifying processes enter into its making. It will never ferment, but will remain always fresh and sweet. It does not clog the pores, like inferior products. Instead, it cleanses the skin thoroughly, restoring not only the appearance but the actual condition of youthful health.

A Wonderful Value

From my long experience with millions of women in every country of the world, I am fully convinced that once any woman tries Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream, she will become a regular, enthusiastic user. She will find its daily application, for all types of skin, all seasons, all ages, a real economy. The exceptional quality and unlimited usefulness of Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream, in conjunction with its unusual value of the generous \$1.00 jar, should place it at once upon dressing-tables and into household-cabinets as the most beneficial and economical cream in the whole history of toilet preparations.

When used in conjunction with the following other Valaze Preparations, chosen according to individual needs, Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream brings wonderfully swift results.

For the Dry Skin:

Valaze Special Skin-toning Lotion, gives humidity and gently braces. \$2.25
Valaze Balm Rose, a soothing, beautifying lotion that forms a protective and highly becoming foundation for rouge and powder. \$1.75
Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, stimulates greater skin activity, corrects sallowness and dullness, whitens, clears and beautifies. \$1.25-\$2.50

For the Oily Skin:

Valaze Beauty Grains, a skin-enliven-

ing wash, replacing soap, purifies, refines and gives a smooth, velvety finish. \$1.25

Valaze Liquidine, a beautifying corrective for blackheads, large pores and shine. It instantly mattifies the skin. \$2.00

Valaze Skin-toning Lotion reduces the size of the pores, keeps the skin smooth, firm and fresh. \$1.25

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood stimulates greater skin activity, corrects sallowness and dullness, whitens, clears and beautifies. \$1.25-\$2.50

For Cleansing and Massage

Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream is a most efficient cleansing and massage cream—the first essential in preserving skin health from babyhood to old age. It penetrates thoroughly into every pore; forces out every impurity. To the normal and dry, ill-nourished, impoverished and wrinkled skin it brings back the glowing vitality of health, and a soft velvety texture. It counteracts the ill-effects of inferior creams and cosmetics which clog the pores and cause blemishes. It is the fundamental basis for all corrective treatments of the skin.

Replaces Soap

Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream effectively replaces soap, sparing the delicate, sensitive skin, the harsh, irritating effects of alkalines.

Hands, Cuticle, Elbows

It is a joyous boon in protecting the hands against injury from use, whitening and softening them. It is also excellent for the cuticle. It preserves a velvety smoothness of the elbows and arms.

For Infant and Aged

It may be used with equal effectiveness upon a baby a day old and by the baby's great grandmother. Both will enjoy its gentle, comforting effect. In the nursery it is invaluable.

Protects Against Exposure

Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream may be used as frequently and as generously as desired, before going out and after coming in. It remedies and prevents cracked lips and chapped faces and hands. It restores sensitive, rough and scaly skins to a soft, smooth texture. It is a healing, soothing balm to the skin after exposure. It is beneficial to faces that are red and purply, irritated or affected by prominent veins. It is a helpful companion in sports all the year round.

As a Foundation

A slight touch of Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream, used before applying powder gives a natural appealing look, avoiding the artificial make-up effect.

Corrects Mask Abuses

The rich nourishment and soothing influence of Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream relieve the dried, parched and withered skin, the wrinkles and the relaxed muscles caused by many unscientific mud and clay mask treatments.

Delightful After-Effect

Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream has a delightful, cooling after-effect.

A Universal Necessity

Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream is the fundamental basis of treatment for every type and condition of the skin. No matter what brand of toilet preparations you may be using, this cream supplies the underlying principles which are necessary to the complete success of any skin treatment.

For the Wrinkled and Flabby Skin:

Valaze Roman Jelly invigorates the tissues, braces both muscles and skin and smoothing out lines. \$1.50

Valaze Eau Verte, stirs the circulation, corrects flabby and relaxed muscles, and instantly animates the complexion. \$3.00



To the Women of America

For more than a quarter of a century I have been making a profession of the science of beauty culture. My clientele includes the wealthiest women of Europe and America. My Salons de Beaute Valaze, located in the capitals of the world, are the meeting-places of the most exclusive women of two hemispheres.

My London house is a center for the rich, fastidious women of all England. My Salon in Paris is similarly the final arbiter in beauty creations among the leading women of France. My establishments in New York and Chicago draw the enthusiastic attendance of the most prominent women in America.

In presenting Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream, I feel that I have reached the summit of my career as beauty expert. For in this preparation I have realized the object which has inspired me for a lifetime—to offer a cleansing, massage and nourishing cream ideally suitable to all skin conditions and all ages, and so economical that it can be a daily accessory to every one

Cordially yours,

Helena Rubinstein

Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream can be obtained through our authorized distributors in all principal cities. If you cannot secure it in your city, use the coupon below.

COUPON

Helena Rubinstein, Dept. T,
46 West 57th Street,
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Enclosed find \$1.10, including postage for one jar Valaze Pasteurized Facial Cream and booklet, "Secrets of Beauty."

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Lily Cahill*

Stein & Blaine

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New York

HELEN MENKEN: PHILOSOPHER AND PLAYER

(Concluded from page 26)

looked downcast, for she kissed me and gave me a pat on the shoulder. But that was all.

"I always felt the need of working. I knew that money must be earned. If not on the stage, then somewhere. We knew a milliner who let me work for her between engagements, for the usual commission, one percent of the price of the hat. Hats were cheaper before the war. There were many five dollar hats. For selling one I earned a nickel. For a ten dollar hat I got a dime. In the rare instances when a twenty-five dollar sale was achieved I got a quarter. I learned to adapt my manner to the customer. If she was a gentle person I was gentle. If she was brusque so was I. I earned fifteen to eighteen dollars a week selling hats.

"One summer I was playing in stock in Waterbury. The theatre burned. I escaped with only my lingerie covered by a magnificent opera cloak of cloth of gold that was part of the company wardrobe. That ended the stock engagement. I came back to New York and searched the 'Help Wanted' advertisements. That became my favorite form of light literature. In one of these I read that a well-known commercial photographer wanted a model for combination suits. I applied and got the job. I posed in pretty, lacey things and earned thirty dollars a week. It was a godsend that long, hot, otherwise idle summer.

SOMETHING IN A NAME

I HAD dedicated my poor little name to the stage. I did not want to drag it into the commercial world. I borrowed my mother's maiden name. It happened that that summer a girl of the same name disappeared from her home in Brooklyn. Her disappearance was reported to the police. The missing persons department found me and I had a great deal of trouble proving my identity. I had to tell my true name and regular occupation.

"Fortunately, my health never failed. There were no breakdowns. I am thin but wiry. I kept on working.

When there was no other stage engagement for me I went into stock. I have played in stock a great deal. It has always helped me. Those who think stock experience is dulling and stultifying are those who do not themselves fully to each part they play. The work that interests us will dull our perception nor make us commonplace.

THE BRIGHTEST HOUR

I LEARNED to act by keeping at it. By playing all kinds of parts I was ready when any kind of part offered. I told you about the hardest time I had, my darkest hour. I want to tell you of the pleasantest time. My brightest hour was when I went hunting things to furnish this flat for my mother this winter. Her mother played, sunshine-like, upon the melodeon, the quaint bookcase, the cabinet, the colonial chairs, the new tinted rug, in the tastefully furnished room.

"I was the happiest girl in New York when I had fitted up this little home for my mother. Father has gone to Chicago. He got a job there and, of course, took it. There aren't many jobs for persons with his affliction. He is a badge dealer. My sister Gladys, is married to Wilfred Clark. My brother, Kenneth, is playing Mother and I live here together."

The smile reappeared when Mr. Menken asked me if I remembered the mafu in the play in which she followed Alice Brady, *Drifting*. "There were the Chinese collectors. They went about collecting clothes from the persons who owed debts. They took one garment after another off one's back and carried them away to apply upon the debt. I am paying all my debts this season. I have lost my fear of the mafu.

"It is delightful. But next season there may be failures in 'The Stick' And critics may ask, 'Why Helen Menken?' I won't lose my head. Circumstances have set it on rather a curely, I hope."



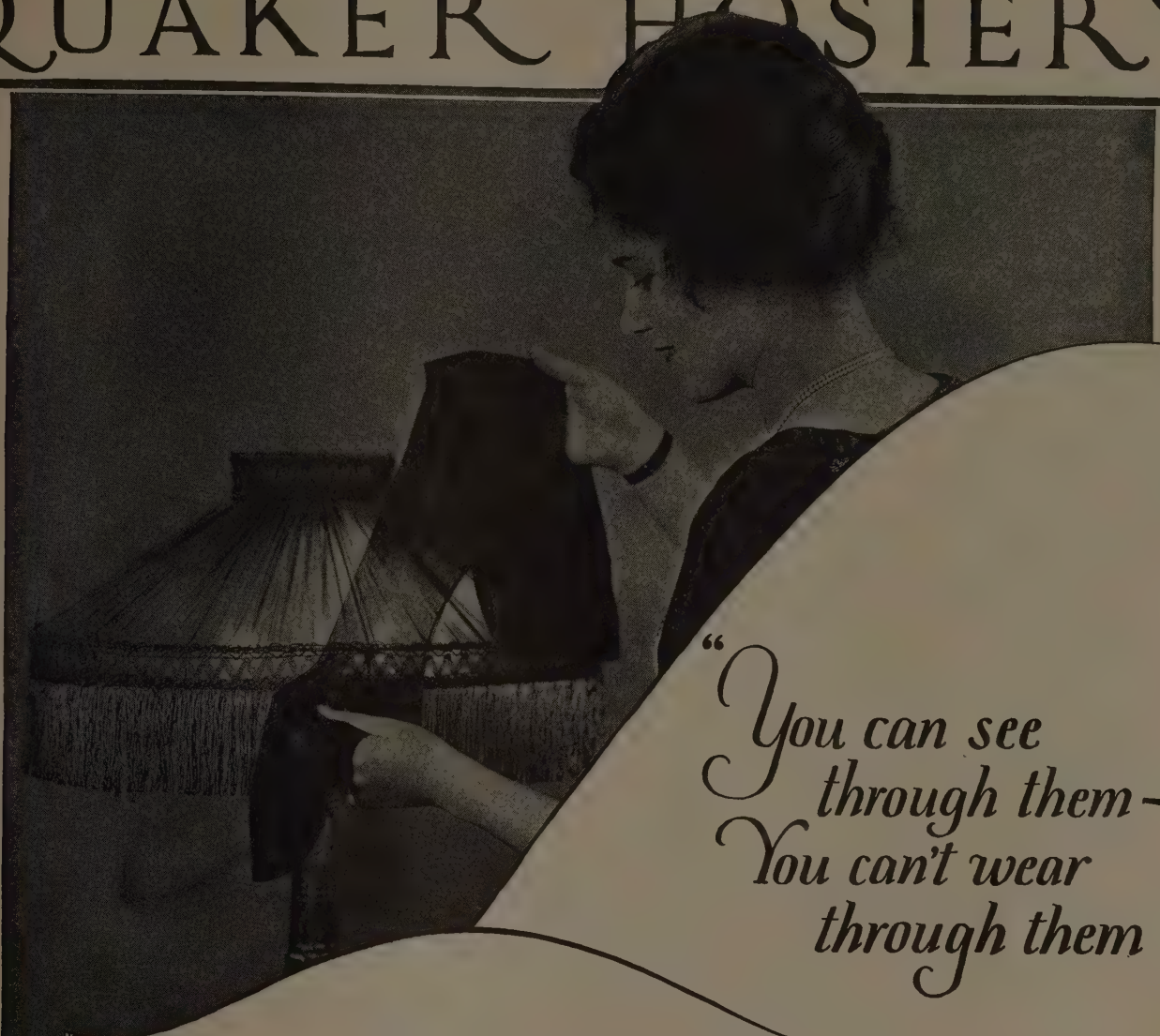
NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

Several new artists have been recently added to Brunswick's exclusive roster. On the May release we find the new leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, who has one of the most spectacular voices of recent years. Volpi's first recordings, "Questo o Quello" and the "La donna è mobile" from *Rigoletto*, the opera in which he made his Metropolitan debut, are splendid reproductions of his voice and artistry.

Maria Ivogun, the charming coloratura soprano who made her American debut last season, sings "Charmant Oiseau" from *Perle de Brésil* and *Il Bacio*. Both the scintillating airs are accomplished by Ivogun in fine authoritative style with velvety tone.

Then there is Allen McQuibb, lyric tenor in those two charming, harmonized and melodious songs, *Winter Comes* and *Little Yvette*.

QUAKER HOSIERY



*"You can see
through them—
You can't wear
through them!"*

THIS picture shows the gossamer sheerness and delicate beauty of *Quaker All-Silk Chiffon Stockings*.

It doesn't give you an inkling, though, of their amazing strength. You must wear them and wear them and wear them before you can judge their resistance to strain.

You can, however, get an idea of the strong, flawless beauty of *Quaker All-Silk Chiffon Stockings* by examining a pair at any of the good shops. Run your hand through one—stretch it over your wrist as hard as ever you can—run your finger through the

stocking, holding it taut—it won't tear.

A cable from Paris says:

"New stocking colors for the Spring on Rue de la Paix are two: cinnamon, with all dark shades of shoe and dress, and flesh color instead of the usual white."

Quaker All-Silk Chiffon Stockings come in these colors; also black, brown, gun metal and all the other shades.

How many chiffon stockings have you seen that are guaranteed to stand the test we suggest—and how many, so reasonably priced?

For Sale at the best shops at \$3.00 a pair—if your favorite shop hasn't as yet displayed QUAKER ALL-SILK CHIFFON STOCKINGS, send \$3.00 for a pair, stating color and size desired.

QUAKER HOSIERY COMPANY

Wholesale Salesrooms: 358 Fifth Avenue, New York
Mills: Philadelphia, Pa.



QUAKER
HOSIERY
COMPANY

(Concluded from page 32)



White Studios

MANTEAU PLUIE D'OR—For the most regal mood of woman, Boué Soeurs have created this evening wrap in which a glittering rain of gold brocade falls from a collar of ermine. Gold lace forms the border and ermine the cuffs.

THE most beautiful and distinguished of gowns bear the signature of "BOUÉ SOEURS."

The charm of all Boué Soeurs creations is now enhanced by the original Boué Soeurs perfumes, QUAND LES FLEURS RÉVENT. Each essence completes the visual loveliness of the gown with which it is used by a delightful fragrance which marks a new departure in the world of perfume.

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NEW YORK, 13 WEST 56th ST.

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came to us, although he doesn't even know it. The Jordan name is his—the money yours, and maybe there'll be another life for you to guard. God knows it isn't much I'm leaving you, but you can't refuse it because you love him, and when he knows the money is yours, he will want to marry you. I'm a wicked old woman. Maybe you'll learn to forgive me as time goes on. It takes a long time to make a Jordan." (*Drops letter on table*) Then she just signed her name.

The Judge, when he understands the situation, agrees to get Ben discharged by paying plaintiff's charges. Jane and the Judge go downtown together, Jane to match the blue dress with a ribbon. While they are gone, Nettie discovers the dress, puts it on and coquettes with Ben. Later, Jane, who has been busy with the dinner, opens the doors of the dining room to discover Nettie in Ben's arms.

JANE: (*Bursting into the room*) Supper's ready—!

NETTIE: (*Disengaging herself*) I'm ashamed about wearing your dress, Cousin Jane. It was so pretty. I'll take it right off.

JANE: You needn't. I guess I don't want it any more. Supper's ready, Ben.

Act III. The Parlor. Two months later. Jane has called a family meeting. It is revealed by the Judge, who speaks for her, that Jane has had the money in trust for Ben, that Ben has been freed of the charge against him, and that he is now in possession of the Jordan estate.

BEN: I'm the head of the family now, ain't I? And you can bet all you've got I'm going to be a real Jordan.

HENRY: I think, Ben—

BEN: From now on there ain't nobody got any right to think in this house but just me. So run along home, the whole pack of you, and after this, when you feel like you must come here—come separate.

Jane prepares to leave.

BEN: You're goin' today? Before I order my new farm machinery or anything? You're going to leave me with all this work on my hands?

JANE: Yes, Ben. (*She goes upstairs to pack.*)

BEN: Well—that's a lesson to me. Oh, she's a good woman. I ain't denyin' that—but she's fickle!

JUDGE: You fool. Jane went your bond the day your mother died. Jane took you in and taught you how to work, made you work, taught you through the one decent spot in you, something of a thing you'd never know, self-respect. Worked over you, petted you, coaxed you—held you up—then you hurt her—but she kept on—

she went herself to Kimbal, after he had refused me, and got his help to keep you out of prison—then, against my will, against the best that I could do to stop her, she turns over all this to you—and goes out with nothing. BEN: Why? Why has she done this, all this, for me?

The Judge looks at Ben with contempt, turns and leaves the house. Ben is left in thought. When Jane returns with hat and bag he reopens the subject.

BEN: Oh, it don't take long for a man to get hungry—it only takes a minute for a man to die—you can burn down a barn quick enough—or do a murder, it's just livin' and gettin' old that takes a lot of time. Can't you stay here, Jane?

JANE: There's Nettie.

BEN: Nettie—that couldn't stand the gaff—that run out on me when I was in trouble.

JANE: It doesn't matter what folks do, if you love 'em enough.

BEN: You be quiet and let an expert talk. I was lonesome and I wanted a woman, she was pretty and I wanted to kiss her—that ain't what I call love.

JANE: You. You don't even know the meaning of the word.

BEN: That don't worry me none—I guess the fellow that wrote the dictionary was a whole lot older'n I am before he got down to the L's.

JANE: You've got good in you, deep down, if you'd only try. I know, it's always been that way. You've never tried for long, you've never had a real ambition.

BEN: I don't know what 'twas you promised mother, but you've broke your word. No man ever needed a woman more'n I need you, and you're leaving me.

Jane, in desperation, shows him his mother's letter. Sitting at the table Ben mumbles the words through to himself, but slowly breaks down, sobbing bitterly.

JANE: Don't, Ben—

BEN: Look what I done to her. Look what I done.

Later.

JANE: You said I was a good sport once. You shook hands on what we'd do to bring this old place back—there's plenty to be done.

BEN: A good sport—(*he takes her hand*) I'll say you're all of that. (*Hannah enters.*)

HANNAH: If you ain't careful you'll miss that train.

BEN: She ain't never going, Hannah. HANNAH: I guess you'll be mighty happy—marriage changes folks—and any changes in him will be a big improvement. (*She picks up Jane's bag and climbs the stairs. Jane and Ben laugh.*)

THE END



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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO. Established 1845 CHICAGO—NEW YORK—CINCINNATI—TORONTO

BRUNSWICK

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

THE PUPPETEER IN THE SPOTLIGHT

(Concluded from page 24)



MID-OCEAN~IN THE GRAND SALON

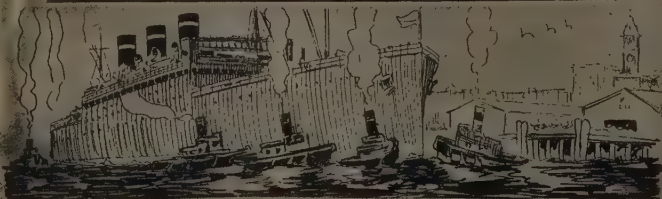
Where East Meets West

OUTSIDE the starry night—the restless waves—deck chairs facing the boundless space. *Inside* the Grand Salon radiating the exotic splendor of the East—the calm culture of the West and the warm glow of the South in its brilliant cosmopolitan assemblage.

The woman who chooses to be costumed by Gidding at all times stands as a symbol of fashion wherever she is bound or from wheresoever she comes.

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THE NEW YORK HARBOR

materials. Even a great painting is created out of daubs of ground mud of various hues, mixed with oil or other medium and applied to canvas or paper with a bunch of bristles or hairs fastened to a stick. It is the genius of the painter that produces the picture. So in the marionette play it is the result of the combined efforts of playwright, scenic artist, stage director and puppeteer which produce the illusion of life. The result is the more effective because so much is left to the imagination. The puppet gives the essentials; the imagination of the spectator fills in the rest. And because of the very limitations of the marionette, the puppeteer is able to avoid the danger of overacting, a fault which so often injures the art of the human actor.

One finds in the Sarg marionettes the spontaneous, whimsical humor which characterizes that artist's drawings. But in addition they have a completer artistic quality and a deeper and richer humanity. They have beautiful poetic moments, too.

Yet these artistic effects are based on the most careful attention to mechanical details. The fine lighting effects are obtained by the use of a complete lighting system, as elaborate as that found in the modern theatre—including side, border and spot-lights, with the usual red, amber and blue

screens, each color on its own circuit. Thus the representation of dawn, noon, moonlight and twilight are all within the scope of the marionette play. Yet the whole lilliputian system of switchboards and dimmers travels safely installed in a steamer trunk, which it never leaves, even during a performance!

The most effective puppeteers are those who have had dramatic training and experience. Obviously it requires considerable ability to "put over" your lines when you are doubled up over the "bridge" of a marionette stage manipulating a puppet which weighs from two to ten pounds and is controlled by a complicated system of from ten to twenty-four strings. Even the mere muscular effort demanded by a two-hour performance is exhausting. When the difficulties are considered, it is not surprising to learn that it takes six or seven years to produce a finished puppeteer.

Do you like the marionettes? Helen Haiman Joseph, in her "Book of Marionettes," says: "One must be quite unsophisticated to enjoy the marionettes, or quite sophisticated. Plain people, children and artists seem to take pleasure in them." If this be true, you may delight in the puppets whether you be a "highbrow" or a "lowbrow."



MUSIC

(Concluded from page 36)

wondered what the gods did in Walhalla during the long winter evenings. *Das Rheingold* was given first in the afternoon with *Die Fledermaus* at night. Deems concluded that they formed a "Mask and Wig Club," for Wotan and Fricka and most of the cast left off being immortal to bubble through Strauss' musical comedy.

Perhaps the most exciting was *Die Walkure*. They made it so vital and thrilling that I began to hope Wotan would not kill Siegmund after all. Friedrich Schorr was a trifle explosive as Wotan. His farewell to Brunnhilde was so noisy that she probably took to her rock and an open fire with definite relief. Jacques Urlus in the third act of *Tristan and Isolde* gave us the same delightful sense of novelty. When he began searching the audience horizon for the ship, I forgot everything in a wish to assure him, "Oh, Isolde will surely come and you will live happily ever after!"

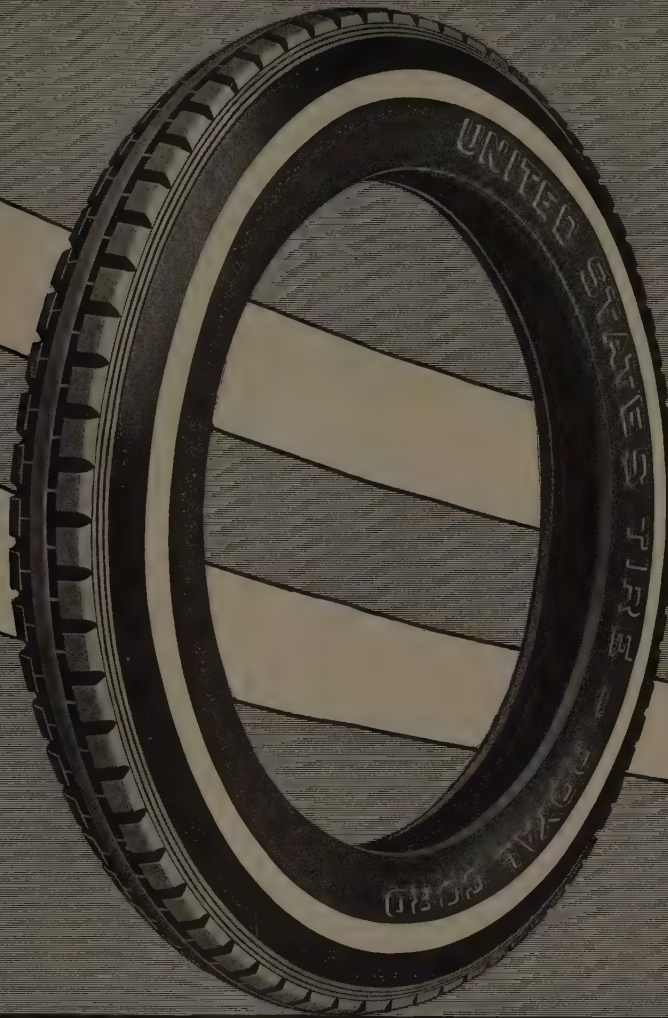
Does that suggest something of the art of the Germans who were so successful at the Manhattan that they had to move over to the Lexington Theatre for three additional weeks?

A lissome girl violinist, with the mellifluous name of Sylvia Lent, slipped into Aeolian Hall on a March afternoon, tucked her fiddle under her chin and played so well that Leopold Auer was a pleased and proud master. She is sixteen and she has fire, imagination, facile technique and precision of style—just about everything.

Leginska came back from Europe to play her own delightful (well, some of them are) compositions and the Liszt which she loves and enunciates with sparkling clarity. And Lamond played, looking like Beethoven with a coat of steamer-tan.

In his first recital, the pianist proved that he is the keyboard's commander. His grasp on Beethoven is mental, not inspirational; scholarly, not spiritual. He plays forcefully, not greatly.

A most stimulating experiment was made by Bachaus when he gave a piano recital all in the key of C-sharp minor. It was not monotonous with the Rachmaninoff prelude, Chopin and the Symphoniques Etudes of Schumann. But Bachaus is so dynamic, so vigorous and lucid that he could never be tedious in any key.



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try it on the right hind
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How it feels to be the leader of the tire business

THERE was a time when the bigger a business grew the more "uppish" it got.

These days are over—praise be!

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that Royals deliver the greatest average mileage of any tire that was ever made. This seems to be proven by the confidence car owners have in these tires.

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An elite Egyptian perfume blended from the veritable, historical essences that were known, and used, since the ancient days of Tut-ankh-Amen. The choice of the French aristocracy, intelligentsia and theatrical profession. Destined to play the leading role with the American Gentlewoman.

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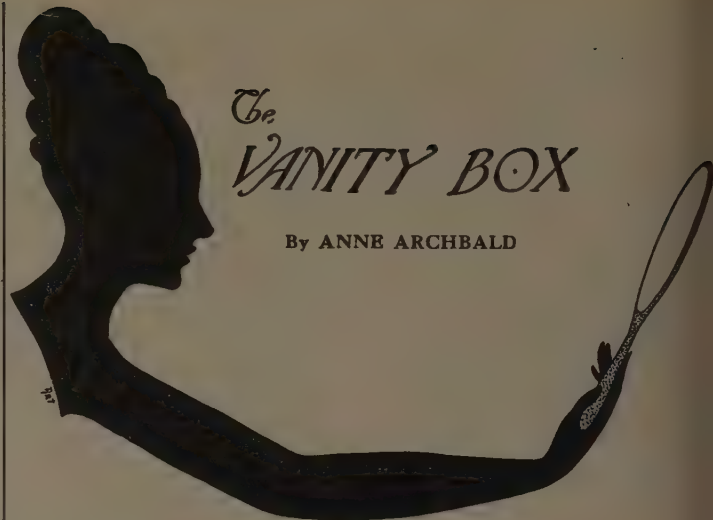
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THE Vanity Box prides itself on the fact that it is nothing if not up-to-date. And so we have as soon as possible fallen in line with that universally predominant interest of the moment, the interest in the Tut-ankh-Amen explorations and the land of Egypt. The reign of Egypt, and things Egyptian, is established in the mode. We have the Egyptian silhouette for frocks, and hats, and headresses. We have on them Egyptian motifs and embroidery. We have Egyptian fashioned jewelry, we have Egyptian sandals. And now we have some wonderful Egyptian perfumes.

It is with those that we concern ourselves this month.

Understand, though, that these particular perfumes are not just Egyptian in character, not just opportunely called Egyptian to suit the fad of the hour. But the real article, direct from Cairo, products as truly exotic and of the country as King Tut-ankh-Amen himself. Blended there by the famous Egyptian firm of Ramsès, who have been perfumers to European royalty since 1683, these perfumes are bottled in Paris. And having become all the rage in Paris, and in London, New York is now being given its chance at them.

At least that's Selena Royle's story, "she sticks to it," and we see no possible reason for doubting her.

It was from Miss Royle, who is playing the ever-faithful and beautifully blonde Solveig in *Peer Gynt*, that we learned of these very marvelous Egyptian perfumes. She has been one of those most interested in the "Tut" explorations . . . in fact in everything connected with Egypt since a recent trip to Cairo where she fell under the spell—as who doesn't?—of the mystery and exotic charm of the Land of the Nile. An ardent admirer, knowing this and wishing to lay an offering on her birthday shrine, sent Miss Royle one of these Egyptian perfumes . . . We were shown the bottle, a most delicious affair of Baccarat crystal—and the name Baccarat stands for the last word de luxe in crystal bottles—shaped like a mummy case. The perfume it contained was called "Le Secret du Sphinx" and was considered to have a special affinity for blondes, Miss Royle was told.

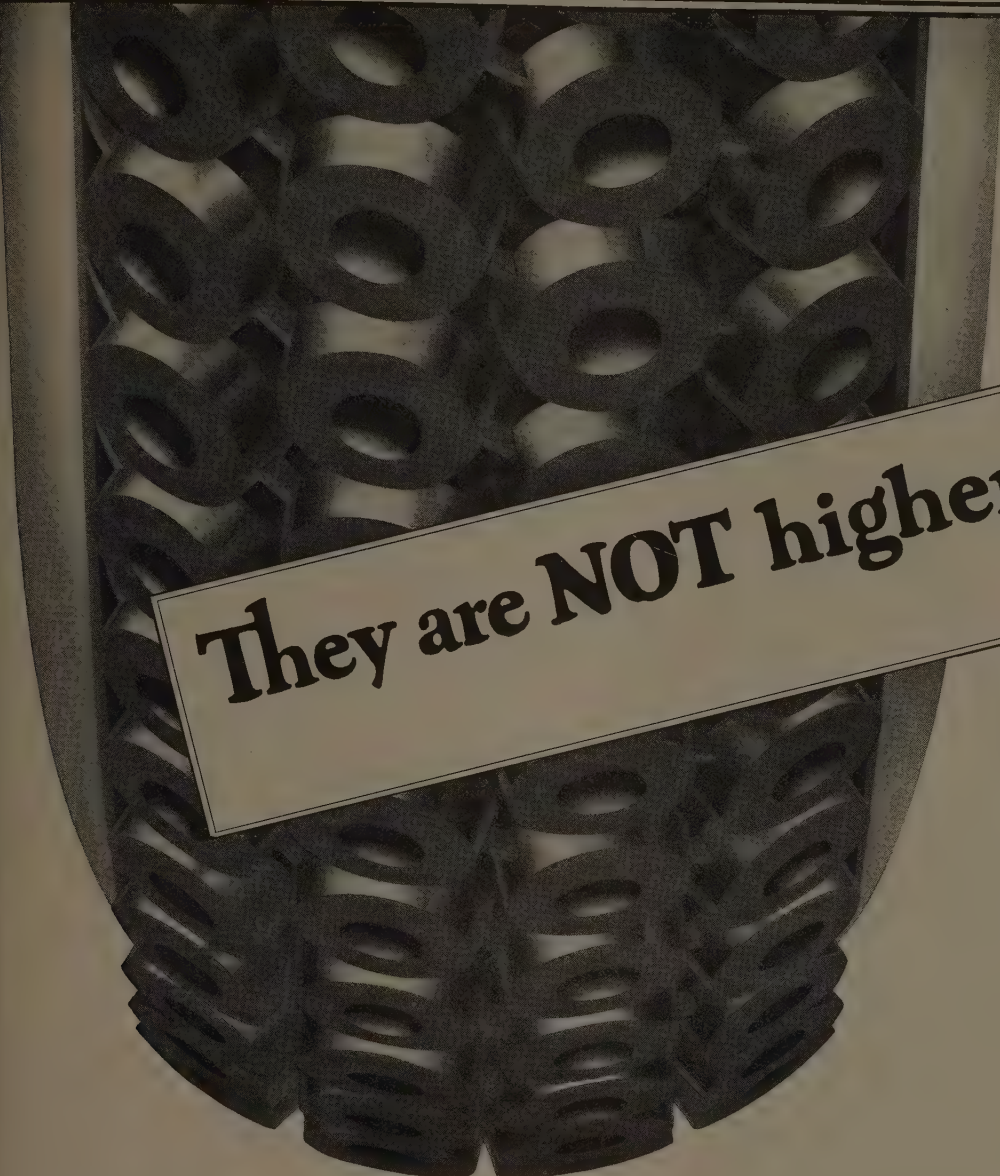
So enchanted was she with this perfume that wishing in her turn to make a present she went out to see if she could find the same thing. And not only did she find "The Secret of the Sphinx" but two other of the Ramsès creations at the same place: "Ramsès IV" and "Ivresse d'Amour," "The Intoxication of Love"—an enchanting name, *n'est-ce pas?*, and an enchanting perfume.

"Literally," says Miss Royle, and adds smiling, "In fact I think an excellent name for all these odors would be 'vamping perfumes.' They have the most luring way of clinging, of hanging round without being too pervasive or too heavy."

Miss Royle had us "all stirred up," as the saying goes, over the perfumes. We proceeded at once to hunt up their importer, and verified all that had been told us. We found the delight and mystery of the East in their essences, compounded from secret formulas that have been handed down since the days of the Pharaohs. In them is a touch of musk, of incense, of amber, of aromatic spices. They made us think of Stevenson's famous line, "musky, dusky, vivid, true," which though invoked for a woman is quite as applicable for a perfume. We were told that they were among the most expensive perfumes manufactured in the world, "Ramsès IV" and "Ivresse d'Amour," for instance, selling for twenty-five dollars a bottle.

Sequentially we have a nice little tid-bit to offer. In order to acquaint you with these Egyptian perfumes the importers have made an arrangement with us, whereby for 50 cents they will send you a bag-sized bottle, in a silver-gilt container, of any of these three odors mentioned. To help you in your selection we suggest "Sphinx d'Or" for blondes; "Ramsès IV" for brunettes; and "Ivresse d'Amour" for "intermediates," "though," says Miss Royle, "you may 'vamp' equally well with any of them." There is a long glass stopper in the bottle, with which you may perfume your cigarettes, perfumed cigarettes being the latest fad among certain exclusives.

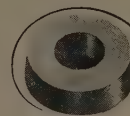
(You may obtain a bag-sized bottle of any one of these three "vamping" Egyptian perfumes, "Sphinx d'Or," "Ramsès IV," or "Ivresse d'Amour," by sending fifty cents in stamps or money order to The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St., New York City.)



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(Concluded from page 9)

"Then you anticipated the intellectual dramatic movement in Italy?" I asked.

"Yes, in a way," he replied, "but there is a difference. Pirandello's drama is intellectual, mine is emotional. Pirandello, the intellectualist, uses stories for his symbolism regardless of their plausibility—which do not even claim credibility. As I said, my external story—my objective plot is so plausible—that the cerebral drama is often overlooked . . ."

INFLUENCE OF THE RUSSIANS

DO you not think that the greatest influence in the drama today is Latin?" I asked.

"Oh, no, the Russians are the greatest influence," he insisted. "Think it over—when you speak of new movements, modern tendencies of today. What particular phase is there that the Russians have not expressed?"

It was Anton Tchekhoff of whom he was speaking with keenest appreciation and he confessed that his own favorite play was *Senora Ama*, a drama of the same psychological tendency as *The Cherry Orchard*.

"Now, *The Passion Flower*," he continued, "which is my best known play in America, is my most violent drama. I wrote it because people said I could write nothing but quiet drama. In *The Field of Ermine*, in which Miss Nance O'Neil has been appearing this season, I never developed a situation. This was not accidental, but intentional. The development of climaxes is of the spirit. *The Bonds of Interest* presented by the Theatre Guild and *His Widow's Husband* by the Washington Square Players bring out different ideas—the former, the duality of human nature; the latter, a bit of satirical provincial psychology."

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS IN DRAMA

IF you had believed in labels," I said, "you would have called *The Passion Flower* the great psycho-analytical drama of suppressed desires—only no one would have known what you were talking about at that time."

"True!" exclaimed Benavente. "I wrote *The Passion Flower* before I ever heard of Freud. Now, I am greatly interested in his work, I believe in the Freudian philosophy, as my plays prove. I have been expressing it in my dramas without even knowing the sensational publicity Freud has received. The psycho-analytical craze has been carried too far—not by Freud, but by faddists, by sensation hunters who are not seriously interested in scientific revelations.

"After all, what is psycho-analysis but old-fashioned psychology, keen analytical intelligence and insight applied with wide-open eyes to human life?"

"Do you think that the reason we have so much poor drama in America

is because so many people who write plays know nothing about psychology?" I asked of this man to whom the human mind, the human emotions, the human heart reveal constantly their dramas as before a mental mirror.

Benavente raised his hands in an unconscious movement of warding off an undesired question, but in the depths of his black eyes there was a distant twinkle.

He gave, of course, the retort courteous.

"Good drama must, of necessity, be flawless in its psychology. There are two important essentials in the making of drama, or rather, I should say, in the making of a dramatist. These are: an actual knowledge of stage values, gained from the viewpoint of the actor and a psycho-analytical mind. It was for the first knowledge that I became for a while an actor. Without the latter, how can one present true characterizations? And, after all, Truth, no matter how variable it may be—just as life is variable—is an essential of drama, just as it is an essential of life. Great art must be tolerant as well as original, but above all it must be sincere.

"As for audiences, the Americans are the best behaved, except the English—in my experience. Spaniards may remain cool at a bull fight, but in the theatre—no Anglo-Saxon can appreciate the violence in which their opinions can be expressed."

AUTHOR OF 116 PLAYS

ANOTHER tradition—that of the *dolce-far-niente* Latin spirit was shattered when Benavente referred to his one hundred and sixteen plays, eighty of them regular dramas, the others dialogues and translations.

"Oh, we moderns are nothing," he replied to my exclamation at Spanish productivity, "Lope da Vega wrote over 2,000 plays!"

"Sometimes I think," he replied to my question about good "reading" plays, "it is better to read a play than to see it. Good actors don't play a play as it is written and bad actors are no good anyway. The predilection of good actors for bad plays is deplorable. But," he meditated, "the best part of a work is not what is written in it, but what escapes from it."

To visit "the States," Benavente left his dramatic company, with which he has been presenting thirty of his dramas in South America, in Mexico. He will return here in the Fall.

This most sophisticated of the moderns is the son of a distinguished specialist in children's diseases, and as a young man was a student of law in the University of Madrid. But although culture is his inherent possession, Benavente's great knowledge has come from his insatiable desire to know and study people of all classes of society.



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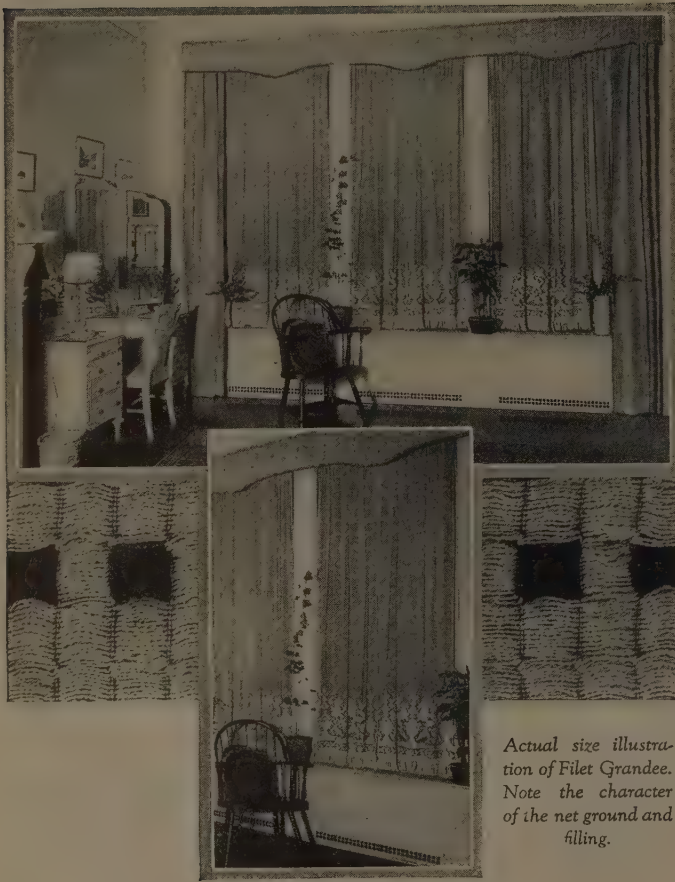
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(Continued from page 34)



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Censors, on the ground that it is sacrilegious for anybody to be funny while he is wearing a collar that is buttoned in the back of the neck. This means that millions of American citizens, who have the misfortune to reside in the second largest state in the Union, are forbidden by law from enjoying the latest entertainment provided by the finest artist that the motion picture industry has yet developed. How long, one wonders, will this stupid and humiliating and disgraceful situation be permitted to continue?

DRIVEN

DRIVEN is one of the most impressive motion pictures that have thus far been produced in this country; and the basic reason is that it was not manufactured in a factory but was imagined and executed by a single mind.

Equipped at the outset with a story of exceptional strength, a director named Charles Brabin collected a company of actors, took them down to an aloof region in the southern Appalachians, "shot" his story "on location," and, only after it was finished, offered it for sale. It was purchased by Carl Laemmle and released as an item on the "Universal-Jewel" program; but it almost seems a pity that a picture so human and alive as *Driven* should have to wear a trade-mark stamped upon its forehead.

This exceptional picture tells a very simple story of a family of "moon-shiners" in the southern mountains. The dominant figure in this family is the mother. Her husband and her three elder sons are giants in physical strength but degenerates in character and savages in habit; but her fourth and youngest son is a dreamer, who moons away his days in reading rare books about Abraham Lincoln, who, like himself, was born in a log-cabin. Upon this youngest son her heart is unflinchingly set. He is stamped upon and viciously maltreated by his more masculine elders; but he "goes down scornful before many spears," and his mother loves him all the more for the hopeless and defeated spunk that he has gloriously managed to display. At last, when she learns that a secret agent of the traditionally hated "revenooers" has come into the region, she goes to this agent and sells, for the pitiful sum of one hundred dollars, the secret of the camouflaged location of the illicit distillery which is operated by her husband and her three elder sons. She gives this hundred dollars to the baby of her heart and starts him forth to conquer a new world in affectionate companionship with the girl of his choice; but, in order to accomplish this, she has betrayed her husband and her three elder sons to almost certain death. Here, indeed, is a situation which

reminds the spectator of Aeschylus not only for its primordial savagery but also for its tragic abugness.

The three sons are killed in the attack that has been prepared strategically by the "revenooers"; but the husband by a lucky accident escapes. He returns home and lifts his right arm against the bosom of his wife. She speaks the great line, "My life's work was completed when he walked out of that door!"—but then, to the intense distress of the spectator, the photoplay is suddenly allowed to lapse from the rare region of augustness to the customary region of insincerity. Of course, the husband should have pulled the trigger: of course, the wife should have fallen dead: and, of course, this primitive husband, kneeling beside the body of his murdered wife, should have said, "She was a Tolleriver. She died fighting!" Instead, a makeshift termination was foisted on the public—one of those lying compromises which, in the motion picture industry, are continually proposed upon artists who understand their business by business-men who have no understanding of art.

The performance of Emily Fitzroy in the heroic part of the primordial mother was sufficiently monumental to be worthy of the tragic drama of the Greeks. I should really like to see her play the part of Hecuba in *The Trojan Women* of Euripides for her artistry is worthy of the opportunity. The other actors were excellent, with the exception of a thoroughly unsatisfactory youth who appeared, according to the sub-title "By courtesy of D. W. Griffith," in its best moments, the production verily reached the mood of grandeur and this mood could not have been evoked by Mr. Brabin if he had been working in a factory.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

DOWN to the Sea in Ships is an extremely disappointing picture, because the project so clearly offered a promise of greatness which the author was incompetent to fulfill. A director named Elmer Clift went down to New Bedford with a promising project of "shooting" a picture which should perpetuate the essential romance of that obsolescent whaling industry which made this seaport a haven of heroes in the early decades of the nineteenth century. One of the last of the grand whaling vessels was re-equipped for service and sent forth on a quest for "ile"; and a group of intrepid cameramen, cranking their instruments on small boats at the risk of imminent death, succeeded in "shooting" all the details of the harpooning and final capture of a gigantic whale. One moment, the whale, after dragging his attackers over several leagues of heaving ocean, suddenly fluked up

(Concluded on page 72)



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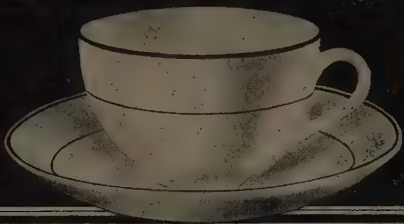
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THE EUROPEAN STAGE

Zacconi Triumphs in Paris—Lenormand's "Les Rates"

(From our Paris Correspondent)

ERMETE ZACCONI, the Italian tragedian so warmly received in Paris in former seasons, has renewed his varied repertoire at the Théâtre Champs Elysées. Shakespeare figures largely on his program—*Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*. But Ibsen, Gorki, and D'Annunzio are there also. His presentation of *Macbeth* is clearly a triumph of individual acting ability. The production is not particularly happy. Were the lighting intelligent, the inoffensive and occasionally effective structure of the settings could be made to heighten the dramatic quality of the action. As it is, they lessen the poetry and dignity of the text. The company too is inclined to a violence which falls on the side of mere overacting. In some cases there is not enough in the way of solid ability to balance this demonstrative method. Lady Macbeth, for instance, becomes a hysterical termagant who might pass for Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Zacconi himself is immensely superior to all these faults. His acting, though highly expressive, intensely dramatic, is never superficial rant. In stage bearing, in vocal modulation, he is always the sure and perfected artist.

LES RATES FOR AMERICA

LENORMAND'S play, *Les Ratés*, revealed by Pitoëff in Geneva a little more than two years ago, has seen several Paris productions and is now being presented in such widely separated cities as Rome, Vienna, and Christiania. Soon it will be played in America. The play is worthy of the widespread interest it has caused. Built in a series of fourteen scenes almost in the manner of a moving picture, it is nevertheless dramatically compact. Its unity is kept remarkably intact in the Pitoëff production which was offered recently at the Théâtre Champs Elysées. Above the regular stage, Pitoëff constructed a second one at a higher level. All the space of both stages is thus available. Different portions of the two levels are curtailed off and revealed in succession. The shape of the section, the properties employed, and the character of the lighting is especially adapted to the scene portrayed. The milieu of broken down authors and musicians, of drab provincial road companies, is rich in material for the genre pictures Lenormand does so well. With sardonic clearness he sets forth the pettiness of rehearsals, the false stagginess of ancient mediocrities in the acting profession, the intrigues of the dressing-room, the clichés of public comment between the acts, and all the sordid discomfort of a long road tour with barren hotel rooms and hideous small-hour waits in cold rail-

way stations. Against this background the two protagonists struggle unavailingly toward a solid basis for happiness, not so much for delivery from these external hardships as for a clear adjustment of their own physical and mental relations. The central rôles are played with great human appeal and immense tragic force by Pitoëff and Marie Kaif.

Annabella, at the Femina, puts a French heroine into Turkish surroundings, with a cast full of names like Fatima and Zobeida and designations like Chief of the Slaves. The operetta is inane as to plot, as might be expected; its music is equally tame and reminiscent. The dancing has little originality and the voices have not even the virtues of correct pitch. The production has one notable merit, however: the settings are pretty, charmingly arranged, and well lighted.

LE BAISER AUX ENCHERES

AT the Apollo *Le Baiser aux Enchères* is an assemblage of music hall acts, tied together with an actual if very transparent plot. The story concerns a titled English girl who has been reared in the colonies by an old servant, and pursues in disguise the lucrative career of a lion tamer. The complications both amorous and humorous are myriad. And Miss Nan Stuart, who is pretty enough, and really can sing, delivers one of her songs in the den of the lions to the complete captivation of the audience. The juvenile lead is pleasantly sung and acted by the personable young Raymond Delangle. The recurrent musical theme is exactly like that of *They Didn't Believe Me*, so popular in America some ten years ago. Among the diversissements is a ballet labeled Cubist and not connected with that term in the slightest way except for an effective backdrop designed by Ladislav Medgyes and Waldo Pielce.

The Théâtre de l'Oeuvre is on the way to developing a complete repertoire of Strindberg, as it has already done in the case of Ibsen. *Creditors* and *The Dance of Death* are currently played on Oeuvre programs, and the latest addition to the series is a powerful interpretation of *The Father*. Allain Dhurtal seems disconcertingly domineering and bad tempered rather than sensitive and unnerved in the earlier scenes, but his portrayal of mental breakdown in the second and third acts is both convincing and appealing. Mitsie Marsa makes the wife an attractive, animated, and alert woman, abounding in the physical and mental energy, whose explosive force is the only natural cause for such cool cruelty as is hers. Jany Casneuve's characterization of the nurse is an achievement in pathos. F. G.



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SARAH BERNHARDT—IN MEMORIAM

(Concluded from page 12)

—the will to live, to love, to conquer Fate. Her art ranked higher in her mind than all the rest the world could offer her. Yet far above her art she set her son. On the occasion of a visit to Chicago, when she was sixty-six, I spoke with her one day of death and life. She assured me that, if she lost her Maurice, she would as lief as not drop out of life herself. In private, though, she put aside stage tragedy. She could be gay, amusing, natural, gracious, simple. A many-sided, eager, sensible woman was, in her own home, this admired *grande tragédienne*. Though capricious, and rather exacting, in small matters, she retained the affection and the devotion of her servants, some of whom had been with her thirty years. She quarrelled with one woman who had long been part of her household only because she had trembled at the idea of crossing the Atlantic and daring the submarines with her, during the war.

It was partly her respect for art that made her always respectful to her audiences. She scamped nothing in her rehearsals, nothing in her performances, nothing in her attention to her engagements—except in the one instance of her "fugue"—her flight from the Théâtre Français.

Often, after she had taken her last curtain call, I have known her to summon the members of her company on the stage, exhort them all, generally or individually, and go over a long scene or act with them, showing how this incident or that interpretation of a character might be improved on. There were moments at rehearsals when she lost her temper and—yes, swore freely. But, as a rule, she was patient and kindly, especially to the younger members of her companies. To her, youth was wonderful.

We know how many youthful writers—among them poets—owed their prosperity to her encouragement. It is just possible that she went wrong at times, in her estimate of the authors who made plays for her. She most surely did when, in a letter which I have preserved, she almost ranked Rostand (who had saved her from drowning) with Shakespeare. More often, none the less, she showed fine judgment in her appreciations of the works with which she was deluged. When she was well enough (and often when she was feeble) she gave the playwrights who besieged her with their manuscripts a reading or, at worst, a careful hearing. In many instances, she aided them directly by suggestion or collaboration.

Most of those playwrights treated

her with the submission which a courtier pays to royalty. Sardou, however, looked to her for deference, which, as a rule, she freely rendered him. Her willingness to let Sardou make her plays for her, to cut them to her shape like gowns and skirts, helped her in one way, but belittled her in others. In the full noon-day of her bright career she wasted thought and art on dramas which were second-rate. It seemed a far cry from the heights of *Phèdre* or *Ruy Blas* to *Fédora*, *Théodora* and *Gismonda*. But the three Sardou plays just named and *La Tosca* allowed her to show off all her gifts to much advantage. They put money in her purse—and in her author's. And Sardou wrote for money, not for fame.

She needed money sadly, to enable her to carry out her plans. But she was always deep in debt and she died poor. Thanks largely to such works as Sardou fashioned, she found means to rent, first the Renaissance and later the old Lyrique (which she re-named the Sarah Bernhardt) and to appear as Hamlet, and the Faraway Princess and Andromaque. Her Hamlet was ingenious and effective; but it was womanly and marred by many faults. One could not quite believe in a stage Hamlet who wore high-heeled shoes.

Her art was of her age and her own kind. She was a romanticist, not realist. Indeed, she hated realism. She was emotional but, thanks to her wonderful technic, she could control her emotion. She played with her whole heart, her nerves, her brain. If, to modern eyes, she at times seemed artificial, there were artifices in many of the authors whom she interpreted. Victor Hugo, Sardou and Corneille were not always natural.

SOME of the comments on the dead actress have amazed me by their pitiful inanity. It is quite evident that most of them were penned by men who had never seen her in her prime. Well—history will, no doubt, set all things right and Sarah Bernhardt will not be denied her place in the high temple of the art which she adorned. To me, who knew her in my salad days, and had watched her through all phases of her fight, she seemed unique, a dazzling splendor, a near-miracle. I have always set her on a lonely pedestal, above all rivals, Duse and the rest, whom some—not the most critical among us, despite their strange confidence in themselves—preferred to her. There, while I live, I know she will remain, silent at last, but living, while we sorrow.

Sarah Bernhardt was born in Paris, in 1844. In 1862, she was called to the Comédie Française and made her professional début in *Iphigénie*. Her career divides itself into three periods; (1866-72) at the Odéon, (1872-80) at

the Français, and the long period from 1880 on, when, her own director, she travelled with her own company all over the world.

She first came to America in 1880, appearing in New York at Booth's.

1848

Maillard

1923

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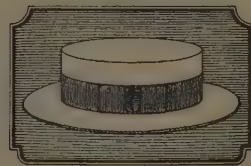
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THE SCREEN

(Concluded from page 66)

enormous tail and overturned a long-boat, spilling a dozen men into the sea; and this exciting incident was luckily recorded by the cranking cameras.

This material might easily have been edited into a "news-reel" of extraordinary interest. Instead, it was woven into a fictitious story which, unfortunately, was silly in its sentimentality and preposterous in its plot.

ADAM'S RIB

THE recurrent question, "What's wrong with the movies?", might be answered most quickly by a comprehensive examination of *Adam's Rib*, the latest production which bears the label of Mr. Cecil B. De Mille. Here is a picture which, though acted with uncommon competence, directed with skill, and produced with a lavishness that is extravagant, remains a stupid and a silly thing, because it is derived from a silly and a stupid story. In the domain of motion pictures, Miss Jeanie Macpherson, despite the astonishing extent of her popular success, approaches no more nearly the standards of art than these standards were approached, in the domain of literature, by Miss Laura Jean Libbey or by that industrious gentleman who used to sign his products sometimes with the name of "Bertha M. Clay" and at other times with the name of "Charlotte M. Braeme." Such products, beloved by shop girls and revered by gum-chewing counter-jumpers, may be classed under the definite caption of "Family Heraldry."

Adam's Rib will, unquestionably, make a lot of money, for the simple reason that it is a vulgar picture and that a regrettable majority of our motion picture patrons are vulgar in their preferences. Vulgarity, unfortunately, is a note that can never be defined—because it is a matter of taste, concerning which, according to the Latin proverb, there can never be an argument. But cultivated individuals who honestly desire to find out why cultured people still avoid the movies may be advised to study carefully the box-office allurements that are held out to the multi-millions by a factory-product of the type of *Adam's Rib*.

OTHELLO

SHAKESPEARE'S *Othello* is the greatest play in the world, with the possible exception of *The Trojan Women* of Euripides; and any competent

cinematographic version of this play ought, therefore, in theory, to be regarded as a superlative picture. But the motion picture version of *Othello*, produced recently in Berlin under the more than competent direction of Dimitri Buchowetzki, afflicted the present commentator merely with an accentuated sense of the irremediable defects of the motion picture when this medium is utilized merely as a means for translating into altered terms great projects that have been conceived primarily for exhibition on the speaking stage.

A COMPETENT MOOR

IT was as if the plot of Shakespeare's drama had been summarized by some talented high-school student and as if this summary had been utilized as the scenario for the production. The plot was there; the characterizations, in their main outlines, remained unaltered; but all the subtlety, the pathos, the magnificence, the grandeur, of the original creation had been wantonly cast by.

Emil Jannings is an able character-actor and gives a competent performance of *Othello* along lines that have long been laid out as traditional in Continental Europe; Werner Kraus contributes a clever and spirited performance of Iago; and Ica Lenkeffy, although she cannot act at all, manages to look pretty in the part of Desdemona; but, even though the direction is unusually competent, the essential greatness of Shakespeare's drama is nullified by this translation from one medium to another. For instance, the screen is utterly unable to record the subtle psychological gradations by which the simple mind of *Othello* is, step by step, ensnared by the ingenious and intricate enticements of Iago.

The sub-titles are especially annoying because they approach so nearly the remembered words of Shakespeare before they suddenly sheer off in the quest of modernizations and improvements. The suffering imposed upon the non-illiterate spectator may be illustrated by reference to a rendition of a Beethoven sonata by a pupil who should strike sharp or flat at every third note. For instance, the final utterance of Cassio is deliberately changed from "For he was great of heart" to "May his soul rest in peace." This is the sort of crime that is committed when several people get together and rewrite the work of one.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

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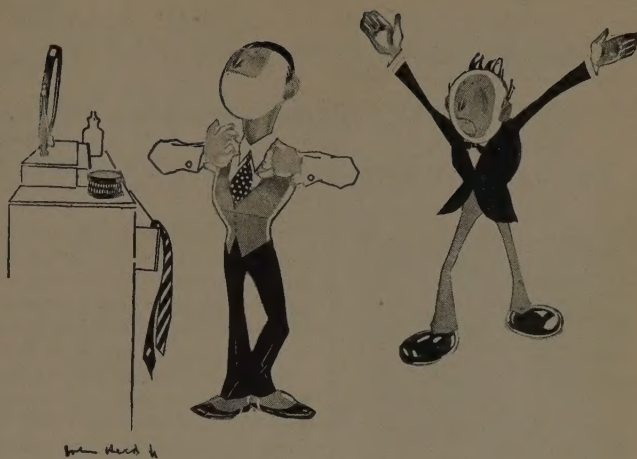
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(Concluded from page 46)

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schools for plays not difficult of pro-
duction, and with acting requirements
that are not too exacting. This also
applies to groups in small towns,
struggling with the intricacies of play
production, under the handicap of
more or less limited facilities. For
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cause they have proven popular with
amateurs this season.

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"Mother Mine"

3 act comedy.
1 interior setting—6 males, 6 females.

"Little Miss Jack"

4 act comedy.
3 interior settings—6 males, 5 females.

"Deacon Dubbs"

3 act rural comedy.
1 exterior setting—5 males, 5 females.

"Mrs. Tabbs of Shantytown"

3 act comedy drama.
1 interior setting—4 males, 7 females.
(Including 7 children).

"Safety First"

3 act farce-comedy.
1 interior — 1 exterior — 5 males, 5
females.

"Am I Intruding?"

3 act mystery comedy.
1 interior—6 males, 6 females.

"Mary's Millions"

3 act comedy.
1 interior — 1 exterior — 5 males, 6
females.

FOR HIGH SCHOOL PRODUCTION

"Putting It Over"

3 act dramatic comedy.
2 interiors—5 males, 3 females.

"Chinese Love"

2 act play.
1 special interior—6 males, 6 females.

"Contents Unknown"

3 act comedy-drama.
1 exterior — 1 interior — 7 males, 7
females.

"Am I Intruding?"

3 act mystery comedy.
1 interior—6 males, 6 females.

"A Cabin Courtship"

3 act comedy.
1 interior—5 males, 4 females.

"The Empty House"

3 act comedy-drama with epilogue.
2 interiors—6 males, 8 females.

"Betty's Last Bet"

3 act farce-comedy.
1 interior—5 males, 6 females.

"Fifty-Fifty"

3 act farce.
2 interiors—5 males, 5 females.

"Mary's Millions"

3 act comedy.
1 interior — 1 exterior — 5 males, 6
females.

"Whose Little Bride Are You?"

3 act farce-comedy.
1 interior—5 males, 5 females.

NOTE: The name and address of the publishers
of these plays will be furnished on request.
Address, The Amateur Editor.

THE PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

(Concluded from page 47)

. . . and yet it's perfectly smooth and
in place."

"And I've had it on ever since
dinner, and we've been dancing all
night, and I'm no lightweight . . .
and yet regard me . . ." Tubby sat
up very proud and straight, puffed
his cigarette and was frightfully
swanky over his little achievement.

I said as much . . .

"Little achievement nothing!" Tub-
by replied. "It's one of the achieve-
ments of the age. You can't imagine
the comfort of such a collar . . . a
right collar meaning so much in a
man's life, too . . . The comfort in the
way it feels, the comfort in knowing
that you look well, the comfort in

knowing that you 'stay put' . . . And
then there's another wonderful fea-
ture about it. You can wash the
dashed things out yourself and dry
them on the marble of the washstand
or on the mirror . . . I've taken them
on week-ends and out on the road . . .
I know lots of men who do that . . .
Like myself, they bless the day the
creation was invented . . . I . . ."

"Oh, hang it all, Tubby," cut in
the men, "once and for all do stop
boasting just a second, and tell us
the name."

"Oh, the name," said Tubby. "I
thought I did tell you . . . You surely
must have heard it . . . it's the Van
Heusen . . ."

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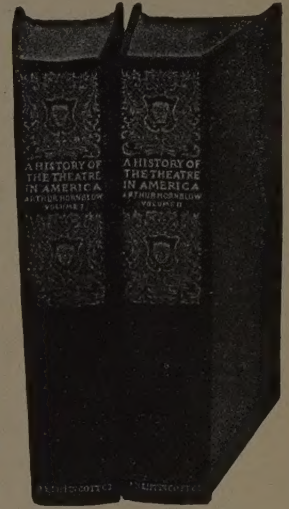
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THEATRICAL managers say they lose thousands of dollars each year because it is not humanly possible to tell in advance what the theatregoing public will like. They assert that as many as a thousand manuscripts, from all parts of the country and written by representatives of every profession and class, may reach a single office during the course of one year. It is supposed that but one of these can ever be worked over into a successful play.

From these facts it would seem that the play readers and producers ought, sooner or later, to become thoroughly acquainted with every defect that a play can possibly have. When a man has devoted perhaps a score of the years of his life to the study of what pleases the masses, it is only reasonable to suppose that ultimately he will acquire the ability to select a good play without ever making a failure. But as a matter of fact, these men, according to their own statements, are able to succeed with only about three out of every five plays they select. This is an efficiency of only sixty per cent and it would not be tolerated in any other line of business, especially where such large amounts of money are involved. Certainly, no good business man would endorse an enterprise that could promise only a little more than half a chance to succeed. But the cherished illusion, that the human mind is mysterious and vague in what it likes and dislikes, that it is erratic and inconsistent, has established among managers the habit of believing that the situation cannot be remedied.

EVOLUTION IN ADVERTISING

ADVERTISING was at one time done in an indefinite, haphazard manner, with the general hope that somehow human minds might be attracted to the goods offered. No one could estimate or determine the amount of benefit that a given advertisement would yield, and indeed, many persons doubted the advantage of advertising at all. But it is very different now. The psychologist has taught the advertiser how he may attract and hold interest and create a desire for almost anything on earth. By systems of *keying*, it is possible to know exactly the number of letters a single advertisement may draw. A certain toilet soap advertisement, twenty years ago, represented a dirty, uncouth tramp writing a testimonial to the manufacturers. The picture was so drawn that one could read the letter which the tramp was writing in his crude way. It read: "Gentlemen,—One year ago I used a bar of your soap and since then I have used no other." This was regarded as a good, *snappy* ad, a generation ago; but toilet soap is advertised today in

a more scientific way. The advertiser seeks to associate the soap with persons of refinement, he sometimes makes a delicate sex appeal, or he tries to touch some other interest or heart string that will impel human beings to make the purchase desired.

The "general public" is not an indefinite, abstract affair for the theatrical producer any more than it is for the advertiser. Human motives and interests must be served in the theatre as well as in the shops or factories.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

THE psychologist knows that the number of these motives or interests is primarily and fundamentally very small. After all is said and done, he finds that we are comparatively simple in our mental make-ups. We never become so educated or refined that we can be said to have lost the impulse to fight, to dominate or excel, to mate, to laugh, to imitate, and so on. The psychologist tells us, too, that the behavior and intelligence of the crowd is not the same as the behavior and intelligence of the individuals in it. He knows, for instance, of the terrific power of suggestion upon assembled humans, and of the infectious nature of certain of their elemental feelings.

We might, it would seem, select our sense of the comic, to say the least, and profit by what the psychologist has learned about laughter and its causes. Would it not be a splendid achievement to be able to know in advance whether a "laugh" will "get over," or whether it will fall flat? Scientific attention has been given to the state of mind we call "funny," by the psychologist, and the elements of this state, at least, are fairly well comprehended by him. The nervous mechanism is indeed a hair trigger arrangement and the slightest change in the material may absolutely destroy a "laugh"; but because the mechanism is subtle it does not follow that it is capricious or incomprehensible.

Would it not be profitable, therefore, for a theatrical office to have a psychological department whose judgment of a manuscript or a production should receive great consideration, or perhaps even be final, in the matter of acceptance? Would it not be possible to have the psychologist analyze a failure into its elemental appeals, and could he not place these by the side of dramatic successes, for comparison? Would not such a procedure be the beginning of a real study of the drawing power of a play, and a real inquiry into the natures of the persons in the audience?

Why does the producer delay to avail himself of the services of the psychologist? He might find it profitable.

H. R. GERS

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for April 1, 1923. State of New York County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in sections 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 2 West 45th St., New York; Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 2 West 45th St., New York. Managing Editor, Louis Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. Georgine Stern, 301 West 108th St., New York; Mr. Louis Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. Paul Meyer, 2 West 45th St., New York; Mr. F. E. Allard, 2 West 45th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders or security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustees, or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstance and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and the affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the stock, bonds or other securities than as stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1923. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, New York Co., No. 649, Registered No. 3028. (Term expires March 30th, 1923)